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**OUR CLUB
FOR
SERVICEWOMEN**

♦
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I SUPPOSE it all begins with the cat named Dempsey. I did not know when I moved to Mrs. Sonderstrom's that he was going to come into my life. Indeed, if I had known all that was to come into my life beginning with Dempsey himself, I would probably have stayed on 90th Street.

When one has lived more than eight years in one place, a move is always a wrench. And moving to Mrs. Sonderstrom's was, frankly, a leap in the dark. As a New Yorker born and bred—and proud of it, I may say—I have had a good deal of experience with landlords and rooming houses. And I must say, the cleanliness of the place impressed me from the first.

But Mrs. Sonderstrom looked young for a landlady, and one never knows. I prefer my landladies of a certain age. But I ascertained that Mrs. Sonderstrom was a widow, before I moved in.

Then, though my new room was a pleasant one, and handy to my work at the museum, I found myself, with the approach of winter, the prey to gloomy thoughts. The flowers would bloom in the park again in the spring, but not for me would bloom the youthful zeal of my first days at the museum—the days when I thought longingly of the days when Loreta Myers was to be mine. We had gone as far as exchanging rings, and she pretended an interest in Chinese ceramics that I fear she did not feel.

But when I returned from my service as field clerk with the 94th Field Artillery—demobilized at Camp Jackson—it was to find her already Mrs. George K. Houghstoun.

It was with some such thoughts as these that I found myself alone in my room one evening. It was my regular night for doing the puzzle contest in the "Chronicle"—a task which I find most diverting.

But to-night intellectual labor brought no solace. The face of Loreta Myers kept getting between me and the page. I flung down the paper and turned to sort my laundry. Then I discovered that it was not there. I stamped downstairs in a temper to the basement, where Mrs. Sonderstrom's own rooms were, and knocked sharply at her door.

She opened the door, and I noticed, to my dismay, that she had been crying. Naturally, it cooled my temper at once. And, after a few perfunctory questions about the laundry, I ventured to ask her the reason for her distress. It appears that the fourth-floor rear—an unpleasant young man named Wickett—had made certain very unjustifiable criticisms in regard to the hot-water supply.

Well, I do not know how it happened, but before I knew it we had

The CAT CALLED DEMPSEY

got to talking, and she had invited me, rather timidly, to share a cup of coffee with her.

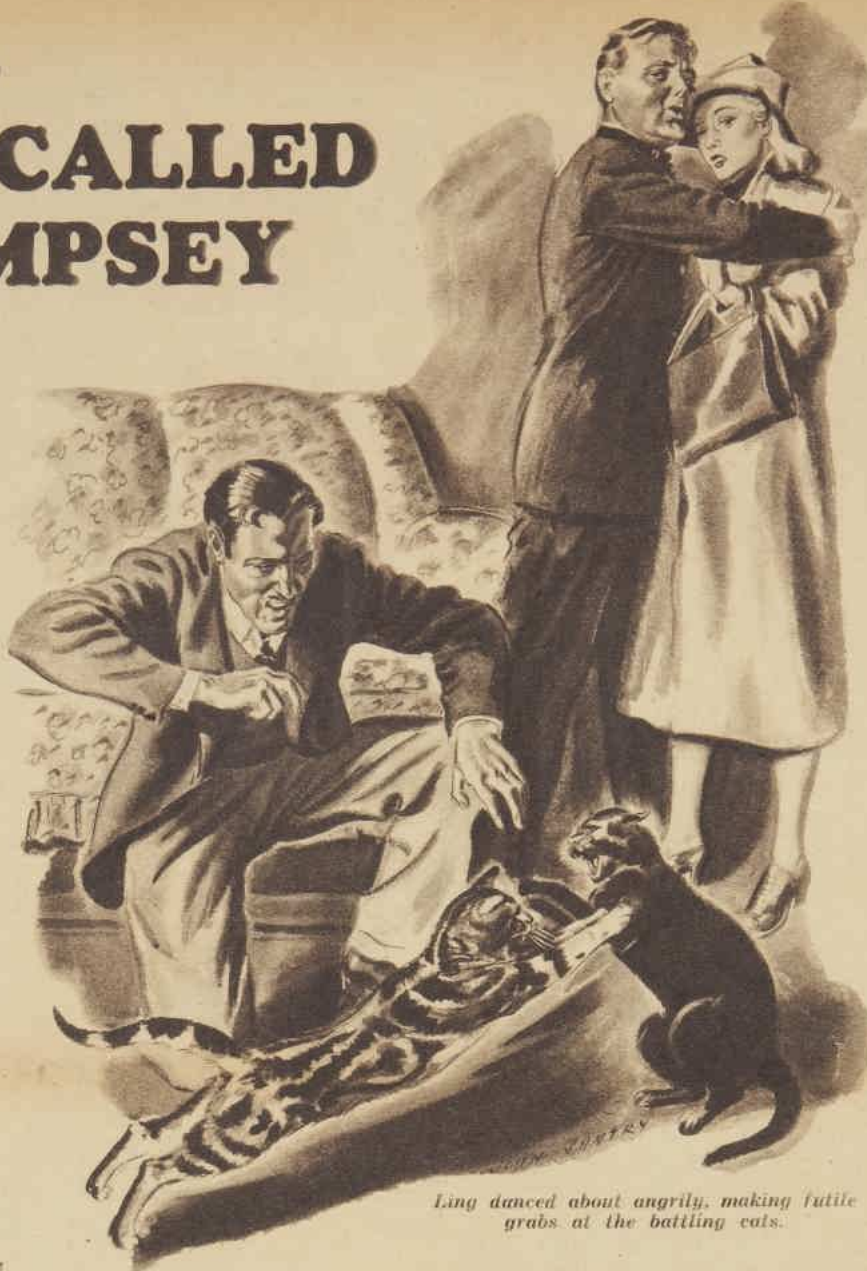
We sat in her front room—it was warm and cozy. And while, perhaps, the circumstances were unconventional, I could not feel that they were really subject to criticism. For one thing, there is a large tinted photograph of the late Mr. Sonderstrom just over the mantelpiece.

He must have been a man of a very choicest nature, and the eyes are remarkably living, not to say irate. I could judge, from Mrs. Sonderstrom's reticences, that their life together had not been entirely happy. But it was none of my affair. And doubtless my life would have continued in its usual tenor, had it not been for the incident that they occurred.

I had been describing to Mrs. Sonderstrom some of the lesser-known treasures of our museum—she insisted on calling me professor, by the way, a title to which I have no real claim, though flattering. But for some moments I had been conscious of a curious penetrating noise that seemed to come from directly outside the basement door. Well, we finally opened the door to investigate. And in bounced a small, black object that scuttled ahead of us into the front room, sat down in the middle of the carpet and promptly began to wash its face.

Now, I am not a cat man, but a dog man. Indeed, if I had my way, I would own an English bulldog, which I consider the king of breeds. But there was something about this creature that attracted me from the first. It proved, upon closer inspection, to have one white ear, which gave it a ludicrously cocky appearance, and it was very small, but completely unfrightened. Indeed, when I reached down and put out a finger towards it, it rose on its hind legs and boxed, giving vent to an infantile but definite hiss.

"Why, the little dickens!" said Mrs. Sonderstrom. "Look how he's



Ling danced about angrily, making futile grabs at the battling cats.

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bold! What we better do with him, professor?"

"Indeed, I do not know," I said. "But he seems not long from the maternal font, and as he appears to be hungry—"

"Professor, you do talk beautifully," said Mrs. Sonderstrom. "Yes, I got him some milk."

She did so and the creature fell upon it with cries of appreciation. Afterward he curled himself into a ball directly at Mrs. Sonderstrom's feet and began to purr like a toy steam-engine. She looked at him somewhat helplessly.

"Now what we do?" she said. "He's a little dickens, all right. But I got no place to keep a cat, and maybe the roomers don't like."

"I do not know what came over me—it he had fawned upon me at first, I would not have done it. But he had met me all a fighter—and a sportsmanlike one—though I was fifty times his size."

"Keep him," I said firmly. "And if any of the other roomers complain, refer them to me." After all, I did have the back parlor, and a certain prestige attaches to that.

She looked at me doubtfully. "You really think I keep him, professor?" she said. "Well, I like cats all right, and he'd be company. Why you like him so much?"

"Why?" I said, for she had turned upon one of my favorite subjects. "Well, why are certain things, my dear Mrs. Sonderstrom? Why do certain children of destiny surpass their fellows? We do not know, but when we see the extraordinary we must give it scope. And this seems—for I had been examining his build—"an extraordinary cat. Look at that chest expansion!"

"He sound like he got a hive of

bees in it now all right," she said, and laughed—she has a very pleasant laugh. "And now I remember, too, from the old country—a cat with one white ear, he's lucky. Well, I keep him, I guess. But what we call him?"

I can claim no credit for it—it was a stroke of inspiration. But in my earlier days, I, too, was an amateur of felines, and trod the squared circle myself with some success in the welterweight class of my local Y.M.C.A. Naturally, that was years ago. But I have kept up my interest.

"Call him Dempsey," I said firmly. "Dempsey?" she said. "That's a funny name for a cat. Seems to me I've heard it before."

I sighed for Mrs. Sonderstrom's womanly ignorance. "There are two," I said, "but I was thinking

of his species. He very quickly got to know when I might be expected home and generally, soon after my return, I would hear his scratch at the door.

Perhaps his affection for me was due to the fact that from the first I treated him entirely as a fellow male. From occasional female roomers who would call him "Pussy, Pussy," he fled in disgust. At any rate, there he was, and I grew to look forward to his visits. And, naturally, my acquaintanceship with him brought me closer into contact with Mrs. Sonderstrom, a circumstance I would hardly regret.

She is a fine woman, battling courageously against heavy odds, including the price of coal and a none-too-efficient furnace. Moreover, she is an attractive one, having that blonde sea-nation health so well exemplified in the paintings of Zorn. Naturally,

her daily life gives her little time for the more obvious feminine trappings. But dressed for an evening at the movies, well, one is proud to be her escort.

However, it was of Dempsey's rise career that I meant to speak. I knew that he would have one, and I was not to be disappointed. There are many cats in our block—it is a block of backyards separated by high board fences—and the acknowledged champion, up to Dempsey's arrival, was undoubtedly the ginger tom at 218.

When he walked the fences he walked them with an air—the air of a cat who wears the heavyweight belt and doesn't care who knows it. I thought him something of a bully, myself, but there could be no doubt of his craft and punishing power.

After that we became firm friends. Dempsey was an unusual member

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By STEPHEN BENET

particularly of the earlier Jack Dempsey, known as the Nonpareil—the finest middleweight that ever stepped into an American ring. Yes, he's going to be a fighter. Call him Dempsey."

"All right if you say so, professor," said Mrs. Sonderstrom. "But it still sounds like a funny name for a cat."

I could see that she would be hard to convince. But when Dempsey scratched at my door the following morning and I let him in, I could only feel that my inspiration was entirely justified. He came in, if I may say so, cockily, without undue arrogance, but without one trace of fear. And I was ten minutes late for the museum that morning because he insisted on boxing with my finger.

After that we became firm friends. Dempsey was an unusual member

HE WOKE UP FAMOUS

Bill didn't mind playing the hero at all — seeing that a beautiful girl was on hand to do some hero-worshipping.

By COREY FORD

MRS. BEEBE and her secretary were playing rummy, with all the windows closed and the radio going full blast. The first intimation of any disaster was when the programme halted abruptly to bring a special announcement:

"The Navy requests residents along the Florida coast to be on the lookout for survivors from a small tanker, reported torpedoed off Eshey's Point."

"Eshey's Point!" Mrs. Beebe laid down her cards and gasped. "But that's right here!"

"Yes, Mrs. Beebe," Lynn Horner said patiently.

"But I heard it," said Mrs. Beebe. "I'm positive now that was what I heard. It sounded like—she placed a forefinger to her cheek in an effort to recall—'boom!' It was right off there," pointing vaguely through the living-room window in the general direction of the Atlantic Ocean.

"Yes, Mrs. Beebe," said Lynn. "Your deal, I think."

"But they'll be drifting in almost any moment," Mrs. Beebe pushed back her chair and rose. "Miss Horner, bring some blankets and a flashlight." She swept towards the door, her gold bracelets clanking. "And a bottle of brandy," she added distractedly. "It's a long swim, and they'll be soaking wet."

Lynn followed her resignedly. The possibility that a party of survivors would select Mrs. Huntington Beebe's particular beach seemed remote; but two months as Mrs. Beebe's social secretary had taught Lynn a certain respect for her employer's ability to make the impossible happen.

The beach was deserted, as they hurried down the gravel walk to the water's edge. Lynn waited sceptically while Mrs. Beebe played her flashlight up and down the shore. Suddenly Mrs. Beebe halted and pointed towards the water.

"Here's one now," she said, as delighted as though she had just located an Easter egg.

Lynn caught her breath with a gasp. A half-naked figure, clad only in a pair of shorts, was staggering out of the surf. He tottered three or four steps up the beach, fell on to his knees, and then collapsed face-down on the sand. Mrs. Beebe started towards him triumphantly. "Miss Horner," she called over her shoulder, "the brandy..."

Bill Webster moved his head restlessly on the pillow and opened his eyes. He stared in fascinated horror for a moment, and shut them quickly. Very cautiously he opened them again bit by bit, and peered between the lids at the large pink-and-gilt bedroom, banked with flowers. He let out his breath in a sigh.

"I guess I drowned," he concluded resignedly.

"Lie still," said a soft voice behind him. "You're all right."

Bill rose on one elbow, and turned his head in surprise. But instantly a sharp pain stabbed him behind the eyeballs, and he collapsed onto the pillow again with a low moan. Then he felt a cool hand on his forehead.

"Is it your head?" she asked solicitously.

"I don't think so," he groaned. "I think it's somebody else's. I never had a head like this in my life. It feels like the world's worst hang-over."

"It is."

He blinked. "Where did I pick it up?"

"You swallowed practically a quart of brandy last night. Mrs. Beebe thought you needed it." She moved around in front of him, carrying a tray. "How about a little black coffee?"

He took the cup gratefully and tried to focus his eyes. "If I'm not too curious," he asked, sipping his coffee, "who are you?"

"Lynn Horner. I work for Mrs. Beebe."

"Who is Mrs. Beebe?"

"Mrs. Huntington Beebe. You're wearing her late husband's pyjamas."

He felt himself slipping, but he made a final attempt. "Who am I?"

"Maybe you'd prefer to read it for yourself." She handed him some newspapers. "I promised to let Mrs. Beebe know as soon as you were awake."

The door closed. He stared after her, puzzled for a moment, and wriggled uncomfortably to a sitting position. Evidently the late Mr. Beebe had been somewhat on the small side; the silk pyjama coat barely met across his muscular brown chest. He frowned at the headlines: "Tanker Torpedoed Off Coast" . . . but they were meaningless.

His head was splitting, but he made an effort to recall the events of the night before. He had been heading back in his little sloop; he remembered that much. He had just wound up a week's fishing—his last vacation before he joined the Army—and he had been chugging back all alone towards Eshey's Point, doing maybe eight or ten knots an hour. There hadn't been enough wind for sails, and he was using the auxiliary motor. Probably he'd been half-dozing, anyway, he never saw the reef or buoy or whatever it was he hit. There was a splintering crash and he landed in the water, and the little sloop began to go down.

It was a long haul to shore. A couple of times he thought he'd never make it. He remembered feeling his feet touch bottom, and then everything had gone black . . .

He winced as the door banged open enthusiastically.

"You're all right! Oh, I'm so happy!" A vague blur, consisting chiefly of petunia-colored squiggles was advancing towards him, and he heard the clank of bracelets. "So unutterably happy. I'm Mrs. Beebe. Mrs. Huntington Beebe."

"Well, Mrs. Beebe," he floundered. "I want to thank you—"

"Thank me?" she protested in a soprano shriek that made his whole head echo. "But I'm the one who should be thanking you. After all," she said archly, "it isn't everyone who gets a chance to entertain a hero."

"But I don't see anything very heroic about—"

"Now, then, you mustn't be modest," she chided. "We've been

"That's him!" cried the captain, sighting Bill in the petunia bed.

waiting hours and hours to hear the whole thing from your own lips." He began to be unpleasantly aware of other faces crowding behind her, like shapes in a bad dream. "First these gentlemen would like to ask you a few questions," a brisk voice inquired.

"Bill Webster." He heard the pencils scratching. "Really, though," he began, puzzled, "it wasn't anything—"

"Did you have any warning?" a chorus of voices inquired. "How fast did she sink? Was it a direct hit?"

"I guess it must have been," he said. "The first thing I knew—"

"How about the other members of your crew?"

"My crew?" he echoed blankly.

"Did anybody else get off the tanker before she went down?"

"Tanker? . . ." He stared at them in sudden comprehension. "Hey, wait a minute!" he exclaimed, sitting bolt upright. "Wa-a-ait a minute! There must be some mistake—"

"Hold it!" a matter-of-fact voice interrupted. A blinding flash exploded in his face, and his aching head expanded and contracted again violently. He clapped his hand to his eyes and groaned.

"Oh, I know how you feel, poor boy," Mrs. Beebe sympathised, "but I'm afraid there isn't any mistake." She patted his head, sending a shooting pain clear through his scalp. "You're the only one of the whole crew who was saved."

He stared at the room wildly. "But I'm not . . . that is, I'm trying to tell you . . ."

"You mustn't try to say anything more right now," Mrs. Beebe insisted gently. "You're too upset. There's plenty of time later."

He opened his mouth and shut it again. After all, it occurred to him suddenly, Mrs. Beebe was right. There was plenty of time. If he said anything now, he would have to leave that dream girl right away; and he was in no particular hurry to leave.

The room was quiet. He peered at Lynn for a moment and uttered a tentative moan.

"Head," he sighed, pointing. "Hurts."

She placed her hand on his forehead again. He settled back contentedly. She stood looking down at him in silence.

That look of hers troubled him, and there was a little edge to her voice, he thought, as she handed him the afternoon papers. "I thought you'd like to see how your story looks in print."

He glanced at the elaborate front-page spread of Mrs. Beebe's house. ("Socialite Home Haven for Tanker Survivor"). Mrs. Beebe's private beach ("Arrow indicates spot where prominent matron found torpedo victim"). Mrs. Beebe in a crisp auxiliary nurse's uniform ("Wealthy Samaritan Applies First Aid in Sea Rescue"), and, in the centre of the page, a somewhat bleary-eyed photograph of himself propped up in bed in the late Mr. Beebe's pyjamas ("Hero Tells Own Story of Thrilling Escape"). He inquired, "Does it read all right?"

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W

ELL. Dempsey, of course, spent most of the winter inside the house, except for occasional encounters with the snow, which he seemed to consider a personal enemy. But now and then I would catch him staring through my window at the ginger tom, when the latter declined to walk the fences. It was a cool stare—the stare of one who is sizing up his opponents, scientifically and unafraid.

He was, of course, still a very young cat when the spring came. But thanks to Mrs. Sonderstrom's care—and perhaps a little of mine—he had grown tremendously. And I was glad to see that his footwork, especially as displayed with a ping-pong ball, was of a very exceptional character. Science counts in the ring.

Yet fighting itself is useless without the fighting heart. That is the essential, and there one never knows till the men are stripped for the encounter. And I must confess, when the encounter with the ginger tom finally took place, my heart was in my mouth.

And this much, at least, must be said for the ginger tom. If, like most old champions, he avoided risking his title as long as he legitimately could, when he did make up his mind there could be no question of his gameness. He came in swinging from the stroke of the gong, using every ounce of the science and strength he possessed. Moreover, Dempsey was heavily outweighed.

And yet, from the very first, there could be no doubt of the issue. At the end of the bout he chased the ginger tom across four fences and up the trunk of a tree, and then returned to lick his wounds before an admiring circle, his absurd white ear cocked arrogantly.

I called to him softly, and he came leaping over and rubbed against my legs. To me it was a proud moment.

And my colleagues at the museum commented on my cheerful demeanor the next day. Indeed one

of them remarked, "Hey, Pop, got a girl?" I smiled pleasantly and let the insinuation pass. But I noticed that I walked with a springier step.

And yet, all the while, though I knew it not, there was the fly in the amber, the snake in the grass. There was, not to put too fine a point upon it, the man known as Johnny Ling.

He first appeared on the horizon as a cloud no bigger than a man's hand—that is to say, as the occupant of the second-floor front.

It was certainly not Mrs. Sonderstrom's fault that he came to us. After all he had excellent references and was chauffeur for no less a person than Mr. John T. Bakeless. But his manner to Mrs. Sonderstrom was what I can describe only as insinuating from the beginning. He had not been in the house a week before I overheard him remark: "How about some clean towels, beautiful? And did anyone ever tell you that you look like Greta Garbo, by the way?"

Mrs. Sonderstrom, I am glad to say, replied in a dignified manner. But I noticed a photograph of the great Scandinavian actress tacked up on her wall when I next dropped in for coffee, and her eyes went to it now and then.

It cut me to the quick, for during the winter we had become, as I thought, staunch friends. I had even confided to her, at one time, the whole story of Loretta, and she had been most appreciative, though critical of Loretta in a womanly way. Now I saw her falling under the spell of this arrogant stranger, slowly, but surely, and it seemed to me that again my life was shaken to its foundations.

Perhaps I should not have stressed to her so strongly the fact that my experience with Loretta had left me misogynistic toward women and marriage were concerned. I see now that that was a mistake, for she took it to heart and it created a coolness between us. "You, Dempsey," she said, on our return from the neighboring theatre, as he purred around us in the hall, "you

The Cat Called Dempsey

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just like the professor. You like women all right when they feed you, but that's all."

"At least, Dempsey," I said coldly, "you do not forget old friends for newer ones. Handsome is as handsome does, Dempsey. And all that glitters is not gold."

But here I found myself talking to the door, for Mrs. Sonderstrom had slammed it behind her.

"Yes, old man," I said, "I guess we're both in the doghouse. Well, good-night."

The evening marked a change in our relationship—I mean mine and Mrs. Sonderstrom's. Our customary night for the movies was Tuesday. But when, the following Tuesday, she departed for the Radio City Music Hall on the arm of Johnny Ling, I cannot say that I felt surprised.

Even so, I would have tried to take the matter in a sportsmanlike spirit. Had not the man Ling seen fit to boast of his victory. I was having a quiet beer in Paddy's Tavern—a homelike little place well known to habitués of our quarter—when Ling breezed in and sat down uninvited.

"Well, Pop, how's for setting up the cigars?" he said, before I had a chance to utter a word. "It's all signed on the dotted line—me and Garbo. So what do you think about that?"

"If you mean," I said, in a voice that I tried to keep even, "that you and Mrs. Sonderstrom deserve the congratulations of your friends, I am sure I—"

"Well," he said, "she hasn't exactly named the day yet. You know, women are funny about that. But it's in the bag." He removed the cigar from his mouth and blew a cloud of smoke under my nose.

"Funny," he said, reflectively. "You know, when I first moved in, I wouldn't have thought of giving that dame a tumble. Landladies? Not for Johnny Ling. But she

grows on you. It's the Swedish in her, I guess."

"I may be old-fashioned," I said, "but I was brought up to believe it was not the part of good manners to discuss a lady's personal characteristics in a public bar."

He stared at me for a moment. Then he laughed.

"Touchy, aren't you?" he said. "Oh, come off it, Pop. You aren't such a bad old dodo, but you know there's times I could have died laughing, watching you try to make the grade and not knowing how. You and that alley cat!" He laughed again.

"If you allude to Dempsey—" I said.

"Uh-huh," he said. "It just shows you. Thinking he's regular. Why, we've got a cat up at the house that could take that mice shaker apart and never notice it. Some time I'm going to sneak him down and show him to Helga. Then she'll see what a real cat is. Competition, you see, Pop—competition! Well, so long, Pop. I thought you ought to be the first to know."

And before I could rise from my chair and set myself for a blow, he had pushed me in the chest in an apparently friendly manner, so that the chair and I went over backwards.

ON returning to my room, I heard low voices in the cool of the back yard. It was Ling and Mrs. Sonderstrom, talking together. I shut down my window with a slam—not soon enough to avoid hearing his: "But listen, beautiful, you don't understand. I'm tired of this dump. And I've got a swell job all lined up in the west. I tell you, it'll be easy, but too soon to hear her reply, 'I flung myself in my chair, my brain boiling.'"

Obviously, the fiend was planning a hasty elopement with Mrs. Sonderstrom, and I remembered that when we were on more amicable terms she had confided to me that her entire savings were in a postal savings account and, therefore, easily available. Nor was it an inconsiderable sum.

There remained, of course, the question of the rooming-house, which she had on lease, but doubtless the sinister Ling had plans regarding that. The elopement must be stopped in some way—but how?

In the morning Dempsey scratched at my door and I let him in. But when I went down to find Mrs. Sonderstrom, she was not there. Nor did she appear, though I waited till the very last moment. I went mechanically to the museum.

I went there, I say, but no sooner had I entered the familiar portals than I knew it was no use. And in the middle of the morning I did what I had never done before, in all my long years of service. Pleading illness, I abandoned my duties and hurried home. Well, I was ill, though not in body. And the state of my emotions may best be described when I say that I left the museum still wearing my uniform.

I breathed again when the taxi drew up in front of Mrs. Sonderstrom's. But only for a moment. The long Bakeless car was parked directly outside the door.

I let myself in with my key and listened intently. Yes, there were voices in the basement—a man's and a woman's. And there was also a familiar mew.

I went quietly down the stairs to the basement. Let me say at once that I did not know in the least what I intended to do. But when I found Dempsey locked out of his familiar home, mewling and scratching plaintively at the door, and heard a man's coarse voice remark: "Say, that mouser needs discipline!" I saw red.

I had no right at all to strike the door with my shoulder and drive it open. It was not even locked, as a matter of fact. But the action had its effect. I heard Mrs. Sonderstrom scream. I saw the man Ling's right hand make a curious motion towards the inside of his coat, while fear, then for a moment on his face. Then he dropped his hand and laughed—that same taunting laugh.

"Why, it's only Pop!" he said. I did not waste time bandying words with him. I turned to Mrs. Sonderstrom instead. "Helga," I said, "what is the meaning of this?" And there was a note in my voice I had thought long dead. Though indeed, even to my eyes, the meaning was all too plain. Mrs. Sonder-

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Is that the chemist? Well, I got my stocking substitute mixed up with my vanishing cream and I'd like to know if you have any suggestions to make!"

strom's bags were packed and she had her hat on.

Mrs. Sonderstrom made no reply, though her face was white. It was Johnny Ling who answered.

"Meaning?" he said. "Why, Pop, it means we're pushing, see? Me and handsome. We're getting out as soon as I deliver the mouser and get straight with old man Bakeless. And the landlady can whistle for his rent; we'll be far enough away when he whistles." He turned to Mrs. Sonderstrom. "Take the bags and get in the car, Helga, while I settle with Pop," he said.

"You don't say anything about the landlady whistling before," she said. "You say everything fixed up."

An impatient gleam came into his eyes.

"Have we got to go all over that again now? I tell you it's fixed. I tell you I've told you the plans—and I'm in a hurry. If I hadn't had to call for this cat at the vet's I'd have been ready by eight. Well, I wanted you to see him anyway."

He turned to me arrogantly. "Hey, Pop!" he said. "Get a squirt at a real mouse burner for once." And then I saw what I should have seen before. On the table was a smart black leather carrier. And within it I could see the gleam of enormous eyes. I felt suddenly completely cold and collected.

"So that's the cat you were talking about," I said. "Well, I bet you don't dare let it out in the same room with Dempsey."

No sooner were the words out of my mouth than I regretted them. But Ling was crafty.

"Not a chance, Pop—not a chance," he said, and slapped the side of the carrier. "This brute's pedigreed. We call him 'The Bruiser' at the house, but his real name's Champion Cudd-waller Caledonian. And delivering him back at the house is the last job I do for John T. Bakeless."

Well, let's get going. He spoke confidently, but he should not have slapped the side of the carrier. It fell from the table. And even at that moment Dempsey sprang.

The next moments were a trifle confused, for the lock of the carrier sprang open, and from it bounded the most enormous tortoise-shell tom-cat I have ever seen. No sooner was he out of the carrier than he stretched for an instant, gave vent to a terrific bass yowl, and with one massive paw batted Dempsey like a rubber ball into a corner.

"Wow!" said Ling, and made a grab for him.

That was his mistake. For Dempsey had not been knocked out. He had taken a count of six, but taken it sagely. Now he came in swinging from his toes, and The Bruiser roared and gave battle.

I found myself, with my arm around Mrs. Sonderstrom, squeezed into the corner near the wall. There were really very few places where it was safe either to stand or sit in such circumstances.

Ling was dancing about and swearing, making futile grabs at each cat in turn. Then I heard him curse violently as he put his hand to his mouth. I do not know even now, which one of the combatants bit him. But the wound caused him to cast away the last vestiges of civilized behaviour. Again his hand made that curious diving gesture for an inside pocket, and I reached him just in time.

A gun is doubtless a very effective weapon when fired from a shoulder holster. But a one-two punch is also very effective when it gets in first.

Please turn to page 8



They've got
to be good
to be
convoyed!

Hoyle's Merriespun
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The PIED PIPER

Howard and his charges are at the mercy of the Nazis.

A WAITER brought supper to the table in the corner where Howard had taken his little party—bread and butter and coffee for the children, and wine mixed with water for Nicole and the old man.

They ate uneasily, conscious of the glances at them from the bar, speaking only to assist the children in their meal. It seemed to Howard that this was the real crux of their journey; this was the only time when he had felt his own identity in question. The leaden time crept on, but it was not yet nine o'clock, their appointed time for meeting the fisherman, Pocquet.

Their meal finished, the children became restless. It was still not nine o'clock, and it was necessary to spin out time. Ronnie said, wriggling in his chair, "May we get down and go and look at the sea?" "It was better to have them out of the way than calling fresh attention to the party in the tavern," Howard said. "Go on. You can go just outside the door and lean over the harbor wall. Don't go any farther than that."

Sheila went with him. The other children stayed quiet in their seats. Howard ordered another bottle of the thin red wine.

A few minutes past nine a big, broad-shouldered young man in a fisherman's red poncho and sea boots rolled into the tavern. One would have said that he had visited competitive establishments on the way, because he reeled a little at the bar. He took in all the occupants of the tavern in one swift, revolving glance like a lighthouse.

"Halt!" he said. "Give me a Perpet des Anges, and to the devil with the sale Boche."

The men at the bar said, "Quietly. There are Germans outside."

The girl behind the bar wrinkled her brows. "Perpet des Anges? It is a pleasant, no doubt? Ordinary Perpet for m'sieur?"

The man said, "You have no Perpet des Anges?"

"No, m'sieur. I have never heard of it."

The man remained silent, holding to the bar with one hand, swaying a little.

Howard got up and went to him. "If you would like to join us in a glass of the rouge," he said.

"Assuredly." The young man left the bar and crossed with him to the table.

Howard said, quietly, "Let me introduce you. This is my daughter-in-law, Mademoiselle Nicole Roussillon."

The young man stared at him. "You must be more careful of your French idiom," he said, softly out of the corner of his mouth. "Keep your mouth shut, and leave the talking to me."

He slumped down into a seat beside them. Howard poured him out a glass of the red wine, the young man added water to it, and drank. He said, quietly: "My boat lies at the quay, but I cannot take you on board here, because of the Germans. You must wait here till it is dark, and then take the footpath to the Phare des Vaches—that is an automatic light on the rocks, half a mile toward the sea, that is not now in use. I will meet you there with the boat."

Howard said, "That is clear enough. How do we get on to the footpath from here?"

Pocquet proceeded to tell him. Howard was sitting with his back to the tavern door, facing Nicole. As he sat listening to the directions his eye fell on the girl's face, strained and anxious.

"Monsieur," she said, and stopped.

There was a heavy step behind him, and a few words spoken in German. He swung round in his chair; the young Frenchman by his side did the same. There was a



German soldier there, with a rifle. Beside him was an E-boat engineer in stained blue dungarees.

It was the man in dungarees who spoke. He spoke in English with a German-American accent.

"Say," he said. "How many of you guys are Britishers?"

There was no answer from the group.

He said, "Well, we'll all just get along to the guardroom and have a talk with the Feldwebel. And don't let any of you start getting fresh, because that ain't going to do you any good."

He repeated himself in very elementary French.

There was a torrent of words from Pocquet, rather cleverly poured out with well-simulated alcoholic indignation. He knew nothing, he said, of those others; he was just taking a glass of wine with them—there was no harm in that.

The sentry prodded him roughly in the back with the butt of his rifle, and Pocquet became suddenly silent.

Two more Germans, a private and a Gefreiter, came hurrying in; the party were hustled to their feet and herded out of the door. The man in dungarees went out ahead of them, but he reappeared in a few minutes, bringing with him Ronnie and Sheila. Both were very much alarmed. Sheila was in tears.

"Say," he said to Howard, "I guess these belong to you. They talk English pretty fine. Infern anyone could learn it."

Ronnie said, frightened, "Where are we going now, Mr Howard? Have the Germans got us?"

Howard said, "We're just going with them for a little business. Don't be afraid, they won't do anything to hurt us."

The Germans stood for a moment checking them over critically, then the little troop moved dimly forward.

A couple of hundred yards up the road they were wheeled to the right, and marched into the house that was the guardroom. In a bare room the Feldwebel was hastily buttoning his tunic as they came in. He sat down behind a bare, restle table; their guard ranged them in front of him.

He glanced them up and down

scornfully. "So," he said at last. "Legitimationspapiere."

Howard could understand only a few words of German; the others, nothing at all. They stared at him uncertainly. "Cartes d'identite!" he said sharply.

Pocquet and Nicole produced their French identity cards; the man looked them in silence. Then he looked up. Howard put down his British passport on the bare table, in the manner of a man who plays the last card of a losing hand.

The Feldwebel smiled faintly, took it up, and studied it with interest. "So!" he said. "Englander, Winston Churchill."

He raised his eyes and studied the children. In difficult French he asked if they had any papers and appeared satisfied when told that they had not.

Then he gave a few orders. In German. The party were searched for weapons, and all they had was taken from them and placed on the table—papers, money, watches, and personal articles of every sort, even their handkerchiefs. Then they were taken to another room with a few mattresses laid out upon the floor, given a blanket each, and left.

The window was barred over roughly with wooden beams; out-

By NEVIL SHUTE

side it in the road a sentry stood on guard.

Howard turned to Pocquet. "I am very sorry this has happened," he said.

The young man shrugged his shoulders philosophically. "It was a chance to travel and to see the world, with De Gaulle," he said. "Another chance will come." He threw himself down on one of the mattresses, pulled the blanket around him, and composed himself to sleep.

Howard and Nicole arranged the mattresses in two pairs to make a bed for the little boys and the little girls, and got them settled down to sleep. There remained one mattress over.

"You take that," he said. "I shall not sleep to-night."

She shook her head. "Nor I either."

The Germans stood for a moment, checking the little troop over critically.

Half an hour later they were sitting side by side, leaning against the wall, staring out of the barred window ahead of them.

She said, "They will examine us in the morning. What shall we say?"

"There's only one thing we can say. Tell them the exact truth."

She considered this for a moment. "We must not bring in Arvers, if we can avoid it. I will say that I knew Pocquet and arranged with him, myself."

He said, "There is Marjan. Shall I say that I picked him up upon the road?"

She nodded. "On the road, before you came to Chartres. I will see that he understands that."

He said doubtfully, "That should be all right so long as they don't cross-examine the children."

They sat in silence for a long time after that. Pres-

ently he turned to her in the darkness. "I am so very sorry to have brought you into all this trouble," he said quietly. "I did want to avoid that, and I thought that we were going to."

She shrugged her shoulders. "It does not matter." She hesitated. "I have been thinking about different things to that."

"What things?" he asked.

"When you introduced Pocquet—you said I was your daughter-in-law."

"I had to say something," he remarked. "And that's very nearly true."

In the dim light he looked into her eyes, smiling a little. "Isn't it?"

"Is that how you think of me?"

"Yes," he said simply.

There was a long silence. At last she said, "What we did was wrong—very wrong." She turned

toward him. "Truly, I did not mean to do wrong when I went to Paris, neither did John. We did not go with that in mind at all. I do not want that you should think it was his fault. It was nobody's fault, neither of us. Also, it did not seem wrong at the time."

His mind drifted back fifty years. "I know," he said. "That's how these things happen. But you aren't sorry, are you?"

She did not answer that, but she meant to do more easily. "He was very, very naughty, monsieur. The understanding was that I was to show him Paris, and it was for that I went to Paris to meet him. But when the time came he was not interested in the churches or in the museums, or the picture galleries at all. There was a touch of laughter in her voice.

"He was only interested in me. It was very embarrassing, I assure you. I did not know what I should do."

He laughed. "Well, you made your mind up in the end."

She said reproachfully, "Monsieur—it is not a matter to laugh over. You are just like John. He also used to laugh at things like that."

He said, "Tell me one thing, Nicole. Did he ask you if you would marry him?"

She said, "He wanted that we should marry in Paris, before he went back to England. He said that under English law that would be possible."

"Why didn't you?" he asked curiously.

She was silent for a minute. Then she said, "I was afraid of you, monsieur."

"Of me?"

She nodded. "I was terrified. It now sounds very silly, but—it was so."

Please turn to page 18

STRANGER IN THE PARK

THEY met for the first time, Mr. Carnes and O'Neill, around five-thirty on a breathless August afternoon, in a dingy bed-sitting-room, third floor rear, of the Grosvenor Furnished Apartments, on East Madison Street.

Mr. Carnes found his heart pumping wildly and a quiver in his knees when he stepped on the landing. The stairs, he told himself, but knew fear had something to do with it.

He nodded and smiled at O'Neill from the doorway, saying rather quickly that he was Carnes and understood he was wanted, though he didn't know what for.

"Come in and sit down," O'Neill said tersely. He was hot and tired. He'd been in that sordid room since four o'clock, a few minutes after the body of Rose Elizabeth Daly had been found there.

He said as Mr. Carnes seated himself, "We sent a squad car over after you because there was a woman strangled here last night—a woman named Rose Elizabeth Daly. She was found on this sofa at four o'clock this afternoon. What we want"—he paused and mopped his face—"what we want now is to find out what you know about her."

"Strangled?" Mr. Carnes said, in a shocked voice. He had a slight advantage then, as it began; he knew what he was fighting for, if he didn't know yet exactly how they had got his name. A tall, thin man in a gabardine suit, staring directly into O'Neill's face with pale blue eyes that were properly shocked, he said, candidly and very gravely, that he had never heard of this Rose Elizabeth Daly in his life.

O'Neill stared back at him for a matter of seconds. Then he reached for a telephone book. When he picked it up it fell open, where a packet of matches had been set between the pages. Half-way up the page nearest him, Mr. Carnes could see that a name had been under-scored in pencil.

O'Neill moved his finger down till it rested on that mark.

"We found it like this," he said. "The matches and the pencil mark, understand, as if the number was one she'd looked up before and wanted to remember. Here's the listing: Roger Carnes, 54 Jellico Road, Tuxedo 8262. I think that's you?"

"Yes," Mr. Carnes did not hesitate—at all. "Yes, it is." But he concealed a sallow rush of anger behind the sallow mask of his face. Last night, being a careful man, he had not immediately hurried away. But the telephone book—no, he had not gone through that. Who would have imagined—

It seemed to him, suddenly, that he had taken too long to answer, that in O'Neill's dark eyes there was the glint of a new suspicious sharpness. He smiled stiffly. Deny it, he thought—deny it all. If they knew, they knew. But if they had only this—

"That," he said, "that I can't understand at all. My name—" The frown deepened; he spoke more slowly. "Here," he said, "perhaps she didn't mark it to call me; she may have been talking to one of the servants. Have you thought of that?"

Apparently O'Neill had. How many servants were there?

"Ambrose," Mr. Carnes said. "My man. And the maids—three of those. And the cook. Five."

"Five," O'Neill repeated. "Well, I guess I'll want to talk to them. Would they all be out there now?"

"No," Mr. Carnes told him. "I'm sorry. Only Ambrose is with me at

Carol had heard the name and the address. She was the key witness sought by the police—and the murderer.

the moment. The others are with Mr. Carnes, at Seabright; we're a summer place there. I can phone and have them here some time tomorrow. Anything at all I can do to help—"

O'Neill got up. "I'd like to see them. To-morrow afternoon, say. Some time around three?"

"Three," Mr. Carnes agreed, not getting up himself until O'Neill looked pointedly at his watch.

A man came up the hall stairs, glancing quickly at Mr. Carnes before he turned to O'Neill. "Marty," he said, "the landlady tells me—"

"Half a minute," O'Neill growled at him, waiting for Mr. Carnes to go. A careful man, Mr. Carnes thought, turning to the door; not clever, just careful. Well—Mr. Carnes was careful, too. He went out to the landing. It was empty now; the policeman, who had been lounging there when Mr. Carnes came up, was gone.

Mr. Carnes saw instantly what that meant. He moved down a few steps, but stopped when his head was just below the level of the flooring. O'Neill might get careless now; O'Neill might believe the policeman was out there yet, so that no one could possibly listen. Even careful men sometimes—

In the room over him the second man said, "A girl got the front apartment here, Marty—right next door. The landlady told me. See what that means? She heard what went on in here last night—she had to. These walls ain't no thicker than cardboard."

Mr. Carnes, standing very still outside, did not worry himself about the girl. Last night, on the phone, Rose had told him he needn't be afraid of anyone seeing him when he came; the girl on the floor with her, the only other tenant, would be out. At the hospital, visiting a friend.

"Suppose she wasn't in," O'Neill said, putting his finger on that, too. "You thought of that?"

"She was in, Marty—the landlady swears to it. She was going to City Hospital, but after supper she got a headache, and put it off."

Put it off, Mr. Carnes thought. She couldn't have put it off. Rose had told him, when he asked, that the girl was gone, that—

Perspiration dropped into his eyes. He thought of something else Rose had said bitterly, when she met him on the landing last night. Not like Jellico Road, not much like that here, is it, Mr. Roger Carnes? And the door to third-floor front had been open then, not because the girl was out, but because she had a headache, and wanted whatever breeze there was. She had heard that—the name, the address, everything they needed.

He began to feel queer, empty and small inside.

O'Neill growled above him, "What's her name? Didn't you try to get hold of her?"

"Wilson, Marty—Carol Wilson. I called up the office where the landlady said she works, but it's closed for the day. And Friday night the landlady says she always stays downtown to have supper with the

boy-friend and see a movie. It'll be close to twelve before she shows up here again. Unless you want to hunt through the movies downtown for her."

O'Neill said peevishly, "We might as well hang around here; she may be back early. I'm too hot right now to chase all over town after some little empty-head that won't know anything."

Are you? Mr. Carnes thought, one hand gripped hard on the stair rail. He moved down quickly and quietly, thinking of Carol Wilson. He knew what he had to do now, and he did not shrink from it.

She met Jimmy a little before six, in the crowded drugstore at the corner of Redwood and Pine.

Friday night, pay night, was the special night of all the week, when they decided where they should have a meal; when they picked out the picture they wanted to see and talked over the multitude of things that had happened since Wednesday, the last time they'd been together.

They fixed on the Century Theatre, and the Roma Spaghetti House.

O'Neill hung around the house on East Madison Street till after eight, but he didn't find anything there that helped him. Rose Elizabeth Daly had left no letters and the labels had been clipped neatly out of her clothes. Rose Elizabeth Daly—all they knew about her was that name. But suppose, O'Neill thought gloomily, it wasn't her right one?

She had lived on East Madison Street just four days; she had had, so far as the landlady knew, no callers at all. No job, either. No friends. That's all O'Neill had discovered.

It wasn't much. In a tavern around the corner, over a sandwich, O'Neill went over it doggedly enough, without seeing a spark of light anywhere. At twenty to nine, when he walked back to the house, Stanton met him. No dice, he said, the Wilson girl hadn't got back; now they were stuck till twelve.

By THOMAS WALSH

Settling himself on the porch, O'Neill prepared to wait. Very soon a sleek young man came up the steps from the pavement, looked at O'Neill incuriously, and went on to the vestibule; from there he must have seen Policeman Danaher, on duty, talking to the landlady in the lower hall. Quietly, as if he didn't care to be noticed, the young man moved down again to O'Neill.

"What goes on?" the young man asked in a rather worried voice. "What's the law inside for, bud?" As soon as he had spoken he licked his lips; he had just found out then that O'Neill looked a whole lot different when he raised his head and stared at you. Not, the young man said, that he cared. He didn't want anybody here; he must have made a mistake in the house. He'd push off now and—

He didn't push off. He went inside with O'Neill. There, his eyes fixed sullenly on the floor, he said he didn't know what this was all

about; he'd just noticed the law around and got curious. They couldn't hang him for that.

"Can't we?" O'Neill said, and nodded solemnly at Stanton. "Give him a ride, Eddie; take him downtown and lock him up."

"Okay," Stanton said. "Stand up and take the big rap, brother."

It worked with the young man, as it had worked with many others. He got up staring at O'Neill.

"The big rap? The big—Murder?" Then ripples of fear broke, jellylike, from the corners of his mouth. "Wait a minute now. You never said anything about that. You never—if it's Rose—"

The young man began to seem like a bit of luck. O'Neill told him to sit down again.

"It's Rose," he said. "What do you know about her?"

The young man knew a good deal. In a broken voice, he told O'Neill that if Rose was dead he knew who killed her: Harry Daly. He started off as simply as that, before O'Neill had even lit a cigar.

He said, "She married this Harry Daly, and lived with him a couple of months, out in Los Angeles the winter of thirty-five, when this Daly was a bookie out there. But he never got on with her; the first time he'd got hold of some dough he just skipped east."

"I never knew them then, understand; I only met Rose last winter. She told me all this stuff a little while ago, when we began to think of hooking up—that she couldn't see? Because this Harry Daly was still her husband. In the five years since he left she'd only heard from him once, when he sent her five hundred bucks from this town to get a divorce. She was hard up then, and she didn't spend the dough on lawyers; she just got hold of some phony for fifty dollars and he filled out some forms for her, just like he'd attended to everything proper and legal."

"When she told me all this, I figured that he'd treated her like a

rat, and that if he'd pay five hundred bucks to get rid of her we probably had hold of something good here. So we came east, see? and started to hunt him up. She didn't have his address."

"But we figured he was located somewhere around this part of the country—this city, probably, since she'd written to him here—and that he'd never give up the horse, no matter what happened to him. Last Monday, out at Pimlico, she spotted him in the clubhouse, and I got his car number when he left, and found out where to locate him through that. I never thought—"

He began to cry weakly, and O'Neill gave him a cigarette.

"I never thought he'd do anything like this. All we were looking for was a stake. The way he was set here, he could have paid her five grand like nothing. So I got her to rent this place alone, because if he knew anything about me, or found out she wanted the divorce, too, he wouldn't pay out as much for her to get it."

"He thought she was alone?" O'Neill asked. "That none of her friends out on the coast knew where she was?" He began to see it. Harry Daly hadn't paid off; he had killed her instead.

"Five thousand," he added slowly. "That's a lot of money. Why would he pay her all that just to divorce him?"

The young man explained that, too: When he'd come east five years ago, splurging away the dough he'd won, he met a rich dame. He wanted the divorce to marry her. He did marry her, after he got those fake papers. And then when Rose showed up again, not divorced at all, ready to kick up a row and spoil his fancy set-up—

O'Neill put on his yellowed panama. Where would they find this Harry Daly now?

The young man forgot his sorrow; his eyes narrowed venomously. "Out in the high-hat section," he said—"out in a lot of brick dump his wife owned on Jellico Road. Carnes, he called himself there—Roger Carnes."



"We close the garden here at eleven," said the attendant, flashing his torch.

BUBBLES - CHRISTMAS STOCKING



It was a good show at the Century—a romantic comedy. Carol was laughing joyously when the usher came down the aisle, paging somebody, but she didn't pay much attention to the name until Jimmy touched her arm. Then, through the wave of laughter, she heard the usher's voice:

"Miss Carol Wilson, Miss Carol Wilson."

She thought at once of her sister, as with Jimmy's hand on her arm, and her heart pounding furiously, she followed the usher to a little office.

The manager was waiting for her there. They'd just had a call from St. Agnes Hospital, he said; he was sorry to say there'd been an accident. Her mother—

"My mother?" she said, her voice curiously muffled. "But that's—my mother's dead. They didn't say my sister? Mrs. Joseph Crane?"

The manager was pretty sure they hadn't said that.

"Here," said Jimmy, "call Evelyn up. He'll let you use the phone."

Three agonising times, on the other end of the line, the signal burred shrilly. Then—

"Hello," Evelyn said. No, they hadn't gone out to-night, she and Joe were just playing bridge with the Nolans. Was anything wrong?

"Not now," Carol said, a deep breath filling her. "It's some mistake. But it—it frightened me for a moment, darling. I'll be out to-morrow with Jimmy."

Her voice shook a little when she spoke to the manager. The call wasn't for her; some other girl, perhaps with the same name—

Outside, standing against the lobby wall, a man in a gabardine suit watched her go back to the orchestra. When she had come inside with Jimmy he sat down in one of the lobby easy chairs, and looked down at his watch as if he were waiting for someone to meet him.

He sat there for a long time, until the early show was over, and they came out with the last of the crowd. Then he got up, and walked out directly behind them. It was still early then, nine, twenty-five, and Jimmy suggested Lookout Park. Carol was a little uncertain about that.

"I know what you'll do there," she said, "take chances on every single thing, and spend your money like water. If we just took that nice bus ride around the park—"

"On pay night?" Jimmy looked pained. "Act your age, hon. No chances to-night—I'll promise you that. We'll just eat some ice-cream and dance a little. Bill Howard's taking Jenny out there later, when she gets off duty. I kind of promised we'd meet them there."

Well, Carol said, if he really meant that about the chances—

Mr. Carnes stood directly behind them, listening.

He followed and got on the same bus they took. There was, after all, no tremendous rush; to be safe he could wait a little longer. O'Neill— he wasn't worried about O'Neill. Back there, on East Madison Street, O'Neill would still be scratching his head.

He was wrong about that. At the moment, the door of 54 Jeilcoe Road opened before him. O'Neill was showing his badge. "Police," he said laconically. "Mr. Carnes around?"

Ambrose told him Mr. Carnes could not be disturbed. He had retired early, with a vile headache, and he had warned Ambrose that under no condition was he to be annoyed.

"Nuts," Stanton said, and pushed into the hall ahead of O'Neill. The three of them moved together up the wide curve of the stairway. They reached the master chamber and turned on the lights that showed an empty bed between the windows.

This was something Ambrose couldn't understand. At half-past seven, bringing up some aspirin, he himself had seen Mr. Carnes here in his pyjamas. Received his instructions, too. Mr. Carnes would see no one; Mr. Carnes would not even answer a phone call.

"Scrammed," Stanton said, looking wisely at O'Neill. "Lost his head and lit out. Well—what do we do now, Marty? Phone in an alarm?"

"He didn't scam," O'Neill answered. "Why should he? He figured that she was a stranger here, this Rose Elizabeth Daly. He figured we'd never find out who she really was, and he was close to being right on that. From his side, not knowing about the bird we picked up back there and the story we got from him, he didn't have a thing to worry about."



Still gripping Carol's wrist, the stranger half-turned to face the intruder.

"The Wilson girl?" Stanton suggested. "I been thinking that if she really heard something, and that if Carnes got worried about her, he'd knock her off, too. Say, he listened to us talking about her—"

"From where?" O'Neill grunted. "Wasn't Danaher out on the landing to keep him moving after he left?"

"Not just then he wasn't. When I came up to tell you about her, Danaher was in the kitchen getting himself some water."

O'Neill, who didn't curse often, cursed now. Something tight, a pressing consciousness of lost time and danger, whipped itself around his head. The Wilson girl, the little empty-head he'd called her—

He did what Mr. Carnes had done two hours ago; he began to call the downtown theatres, the Century first. When the manager there told him about the other message O'Neill's fingers tingled coldly.

Of course, he thought, Carnes had her placed now. A call from a nearby drugstore, a cock-and-bull story about the hospital, and then a little wait around the manager's office till the usher came out—Carnes might have tried others; at the Century he'd found her. Now—

O'Neill did what he could; he had the manager at the Century flash her name and address on the screen, so this time she'd know it wasn't a mistake. Five minutes later, when the manager called back, O'Neill's heart dropped like a stone inside him. She wasn't there now. She'd left. He went back with Stanton to the house on East Madison Street and he found what he expected to find in the third-floor front—no one at all.

There was a picture on the dresser, a good-looking young man who might be the boy-friend. O'Neill ripped it out of the frame and read the photographer's inscription off the back.

"244 Doane Street," he told Stanton breathlessly. "Make it fast."

At 244 Doane Street the photographer who had taken the picture came down from his apartment over the studio. He remembered it at once; it wasn't a month since he'd taken it. He gave O'Neill the name and the address, just two blocks east.

There J. J. Martin was one of two names bracketed over the bell of Apartment 3E in the vestibule; the other, Wm. P. Howard, was the one who answered O'Neill's ring. Jimmy? he said. Why he and his girl were going to meet Jimmy and his girl at Lookout Park. To dance a bit—

O'Neill got in some phoning, too hasty to be explicit, and then he sat crowded between Stanton and Bill Howard for the longest ride in his life—seven miles, six minutes, through the suburbs to Lookout Park.

The two squad cars he'd phoned for were already by the gate, with four uniformed men gathered around the turnstiles.

ONEILL, sweeping them in with him, was stopped by Bill Howard just as they reached the midway. Jimmy, Bill Howard yelled at him—Jimmy, over there at the stand.

O'Neill didn't turn at once. She's with him, he thought savagely; she's got to be with him. She's safe now. She's— He jerked around, the blood hammering in his head. Ten feet away a young man stood before the frozen custard stand.

He was the young man of the picture, and he was alone.

At half-past ten, when the bus let them off at Lookout Park, they wandered slowly up the midway. Then they began to climb the steps that went up the hill towards the open-air dance pavilion.

Once, some distance behind them, she noticed a man in a gabardine suit. He was a tall man, walking with his head slightly bent.

They paused again in the tiny park just below the pavilion, where there were benches.

"It's nice out here," Carol said. "Let's wait here for the others."

"I'll say it's nice," Jimmy said. "Any place would be nice with you, Happy?"

"Uh-huh," she said dreamily.

Jimmy asked, How about a frozen custard while they waited? He could slip down and get one for her before she knew he'd gone. She said "Yes" and sat there, waiting for him to get back.

Excepting for the man in the gabardine suit, she seemed to be alone. He had followed them; now he turned to stare at Carol. Fresh, she thought with a slight flush. Then as he sat down beside her, she said in a low, furious tone: "You'd better get away from here. If you're around when my friend comes back, he'll—he'll punch your nose for you."

"Will he?" the stranger asked.

Swiftly then he caught her wrist with his left hand; his right, in his hip pocket, was feeling for the scarf. It was a thin, silk scarf, and very strong; last night, in East Madison Street, it had glimmered against Rose Daly's throat like a shadow of light.

If he could keep her quiet now for just a moment—

"I only want your purse," he said. "Don't be fool enough to scream. And—"

A light flashed across them; Carol had not heard the steps that brought it. Mr. Carnes hadn't, either. He froze, his head half-turned.

She saw a glimmer of blue—the uniform of the private police they had at Lookout Park.

"Break it up," a voice said. "We close the garden here at eleven; you two are the only ones left. You got to get out now. You can go up to the pavilion if you want; but you can't—"

"Thank you," Mr. Carnes said, the scarf crumpled-up in his palm.

He moved out three steps before Carol found her voice. Then she cried "Thief!" and Mr. Carnes began to run. He was twenty years younger than the special cop, and fifty pounds lighter, and he reached the stairs a good bit ahead. Reached them and started down them, and tried to stop and stumbled on an edge. He fell forward, but not far; Jimmy and a long-legged cop, who were a little faster-moving than O'Neill and the others, grabbed for him together.

She told Jimmy, while they took the man in the gabardine suit away, that it was nothing, he'd only wanted her purse. The way Jimmy looked when he reached her, so wild and excited, and almost unable to speak, calmed her at once.

"I wasn't worried about that," she said. "One week's pay! I was just afraid that you'd come back too soon, and fight him, and—"

O'Neill came up to her. She had to smile at him, he was such a funny-looking man—fat, soaked with perspiration, breathless, his hat shaking in his hand. Police, O'Neill croaked—they'd been looking for her. They'd—

"Me?" she said, and almost laughed aloud. That was so silly. "Looking for me? But—why? And whatever for?"

(Copyright)

I was Don's alarm clock that fully awakened Isabel. She had been somewhere between dreams and consciousness and thought Harry was with her telling her why he must join up. She heard Don moving about as he dressed in the hall light; she must hurry or he would have the cows in the yard before she had morning tea ready.

Don's heavy boots went tramping down the hall, then she heard the splash of water. Her mind slid back to Harry. She wondered once more if he'd have gone so eagerly if his father had not been killed in the last war.

He had gone for this land that in return gave you heat and drought, floods, and fire and flies. He had said quizzically he had gone for her, too, and heaven only knew what other quixotic reason. And now he was missing.

Philip and Jean, her two children, were still asleep on stretchers on the back verandah. Isabel smiled a little crooked smile as she passed them, for their faces in repose were very like Harry's.

She lit the primus and glanced down the dawn-dusted paddock to see if Don was coming, and noticed that already a smoke-haze hung round the tops of the hills. She went about her usual early-morning tasks as she drank her tea, and didn't know Don was in until he stood beside her, for her thoughts were far away again and she was wondering if somewhere Harry was remembering this was his special day.

Don held out a small, awkwardly-wrapped parcel. "A happy birthday, Mrs. Colfax."

"Oh, Don!" she said in surprise. She opened the parcel eagerly and stood looking at the bronze statuette of a soldier reeling on his gun. She had longed for this for weeks.

"You are thoughtful, Don." Her pleasure and gratitude were alive and shining in the quiet room and Don shuffled, embarrassed.

"You've been pretty good to me

BIRTHDAY

By SADIE M. MURLEY

Drama of the outback selected from entries in our recent fiction contest

These four years, I don't forget the way you and Mr. Colfax took me in and gave me a home. He paused a moment. His voice somehow held sympathy for her own loneliness.

There was a sound of young voices shattering the quiet, and the children raced in.

"Mummy, happy birthday, happy birthday. We've got a present. Look!" Philip thrust a small box of chocolates at her. "Do you like Don's present? We helped him buy it. We know what you wanted. Mum, I'm hungry. Is there any bread and butter?"

Isabel took her gifts into the sitting-room and her eyes were moist. But there was no time for dreams or tears. Since Harry's brother had been called up there were only Don and herself to do everything, so she went down to the dairy where Don had already begun milking. Eleven-year-old Philip was useful; he stripped the cows, milked the pigs, mated, and saddled his and Jean's ponies ready for school.

Once, during the milking, Don stood by the dairy and looked up at the ranges northwards.

"I don't like the look of that smoke. It's getting thick."

"Yes, isn't it? Oh dear, I hope there won't be any fire to-day, Don. It's hot enough already."

Isabel left the separating and feeding of the pigs to Don and went to the house to get breakfast and despatch the children to school.

Later, when she and Don were quietly having their own meal a galloping horseman came up the drive and called loudly:

"Is there anyone home? Come to warn you. The fires are bad out there. About ten miles back and sweeping down with the wind. The Meldrums' place is burnt out and not so much as a shirt saved."

"Poor things! Will you have a cup of tea?" asked Isabel.

"I'm sorry, can't wait. Got to warn everybody, get help. We're going to need every pair of hands to-day. Is there a way through your place to the next farm?"

"Yes." She showed him the way. There's a phone three farms along. They can rouse several others."

"O.K. Thanks." He swung into the saddle, then turned to her with an afterthought.

"There's not much water out there. Have you got any?"

"We've got a good spring," said Isabel. "I'll help get the water out."

With a nod and a click to his horse the man was gone in the direction of the next homestead—the Jameses.

ISABEL stood looking anxiously down the slope to the flats and the hills beyond, and at the dried brown paddocks, and the river, that in parts was bone dry and at the best was pools of slimy brown water. That river was of no assistance, she knew from past experience.

If the flames came roaring down the timbered ranges behind her, they would sweep across that gulf. There would be no time to drive the cattle to the water pools.

Don roused her. "I could be ready in half an hour."

She looked at him almost absently. "Take the cream to the lorry and you had better put the cattle in the clover paddock, Don. I'll see to the dairy."

"Right!" With sudden realisation of what the day required of her, Isabel was galvanised into action. By the time Don had departed with Rick James, the car laden with water and wet bags, she had finished her tasks in the dairy.

When Mary James walked in she had finished her housework. Mary said anxiously:

"I don't believe any of the men have taken food with them. Rick hasn't; he rushed straight off and left me to do everything."

Isabel stared blankly at her friend a moment. No, Don hadn't taken any either.

"Well, we'll get food to them," Isabel said. "I promised to take water but so we'll do the job thoroughly."

"Look, Mary, there's heaps of tinned stuff, and boil some eggs. I'll change and pop into town for bread and more butter."

Isabel was ready in a few minutes, a calm, brisk Isabel, though Mary, who kept her emotions under control at all times. They went out to the car together. "I'll call and see if Mrs. Kennedy and Jenny Pearson can give us a hand," said Isabel. "I won't be long."

The car went down the slope, across the bridge in a cloud of dust, and into the shimmering heat waves.

Driving in the glare, Isabel was thinking again of Harry, wishing she had had something more definite than that one word—missing. Prisoner of war—killed in action—died of wounds—anything definite would have been preferable to the present uncertainty.

Fatally now, her usual optimism wore thin from long nights of worry and sleeplessness. She had become resigned to his death. But not to her loneliness. This latter was almost unbearable. That she must plan her days, her life, alone, must watch the children grow, leave school, make their way in the world.

Men did not realise when they went to war the suffering they so

lightly created. But Isabel knew, nevertheless, she would not have had Harry do anything else.

In town she made her purchases and as they were wrapped the man behind the counter asked, "Fires bad out your way, Mrs. Colfax—how's water?"

"They get rather a hold, I believe. There's a lot of dry undergrowth and dead trees. Oh, we can manage for water. Thanks, Mr. Moore, I must hurry."

She was home again, with the two women, in a little over an hour from the time she left to find another half-dozen women on her verandah, the last stop before beginning the steep climb of the ranges. They had packets of food for their individual menfolk, and one enterprising soul had, in her auk, a washing-copper and an iron stand, and she called in for water.

Isabel loaded the car, and then with Mary and the owner of the copper started off over the range road.

They could smell the pungent odor of burning eucalyptus leaves as they drove on. They passed sulks and carts, the drivers urging feed-poor, sweating horses onward—upward.

They came to the top of the mountain and away down ahead of them in the valley and surrounding hills were the fires, where, since before the dawn, sweating men and women had toiled frantically to check the flames that roared and soared fifty feet in the air.

The scorching, smoke-laden north wind steadily urged the flames forward and the men fought and fell back, fought and fell back. Isolated places outback were already burnt out; houses, crops, and sometimes cattle, too, the women were told as they set about boiling the copper. While it boiled they went among the men with kerosene tins and buckets.

Isabel found Don. His eyes were red-rimmed and bloodshot, and he wielded a bough that had lost most of its leaves; his left arm was bandaged with a dirty rag. A flying branch hit him, he said, and he passed his tongue around his dried lips to speak.

The fighters came in groups for the tea and sandwiches. Hoarse voices exclaimed admiringly: "You wonderful women. Thank heaven for tea and a feed!"

They ate with one eye on the fires, drank huge quantities of strong, scalding tea, and went back to the flames with renewed vigor. Other arrivals pooled their provisions and water and for two hours the women made tea and fed the hungry groups.

Presently, however, the women began to drift away for there were only they and their children to do the evening milking.

The Cat Called Dempsey

Continued from page 4

IT was only then that The Bruiser and Dempsey burst through the kitchen door into the back yard and we became conscious of the furious ringing of the basement bell.

Mrs. Sonderstrom did not wish me to leave her alone with Ling, though the latter was unconscious. So I was standing guard over him when she returned with Sergeant Levy.

"Who's being murdered?" he said. "I've had complaints from all over the block and we almost sent up the riot squad." Then his eyes fell upon the prostrate Ling, who was slowly coming back to consciousness, and he whistled.

"Well," he said, "so it's Handsome Johnny. Glad to meet you again, John, my boy."

"Handsome Johnny?" said Mrs. Sonderstrom.

"Alias John Lincoln, alias Johnny the Duke, alias Bright-Eyes Johnson," said Sergeant Levy. "Bigamy, grand larceny, embezzlement and suspected kidnapping. Not to mention his own little game, which is

WHEN Isabel arrived home she found the children already there and Philip bringing in the straggling cows. Wearily she went to milk them.

The sky was changing. There was still smoke, still burning red sun, but the wind had dropped and great thick clouds were banking. The air was very still.

Isabel was aware of this, but her tired mind failed to grasp its meaning. She was thinking of the fighters.

"They can't carry on all night, they're dead beat now. We'll have to get a brigade out from town and let our men get some sleep. Those fires can't be left if the wind springs up in the night they'll tear down here. I ought to burn a break."

Isabel started on the last cow and looked at the dying sun. The clouds piling up were now dull red, heavy, menacing. There was a new quiet in the air, no sound of birds, no movement in the trees. She separated the milk with Philip's help, fed the pigs and calves, and washed the cans.

The hush and the haze wrapped closely about them; and Philip said, "We'll get a corker storm out of this, Mum."

"If only we do, dear," her voice was a prayer.

Then suddenly there was a sound, a queer, muffled, roaring high in the treetops, the wind sprang out of the west and simultaneously lightning and a clap of thunder, then rain, and Isabel and Philip were wet through running the hundred yards to the house.

And over the range road exhausted, laughing men held their faces to the downpour, letting it drench them, unable to get a sufficiency of this miracle that could achieve in five minutes what fifty of them had been unable to do all day.

When Don returned home he found Isabel had prepared a hot bath, and dinner was cooking on the stove. While he bathed, she rested a few minutes on the front verandah and watched the storm blow over. She was utterly tired and suffering a reaction from the strenuous day. She felt she wanted to cry quietly to rid herself of all the smothered emotions within her.

A flickering light showed on the black-soil flats and she heard the chug-chug of a motor-bike and watched the light coming closer, swerving on the slippery road, up the slope, stopping at her gate.

In the dim light she saw a figure walking up the drive. He came onto the verandah and held out a slim, official envelope. She recognized the postmaster's son.

"Did thought you ought to have this at once," he smiled, Isabel held the envelope, fear clutching at her heart, her fingers numb, unable to tear the paper. This, then, was what it meant to know the worst, this numbness creeping into every limb. Life could deliver no worse blow than this, and she was surviving.

Somehow now, she had it open and the telegram unfolded and the words were dancing before her eyes.

"Escaped Crete. Safe and well. Happy birthday, darling, Harry."

And the tears ran down her face unchecked.

(Copyright)

Aunt Polly says...



Babies may be angels, but it seems like their wings grow smaller as their legs grow longer.

The High Cost of Living worries me less when I figure out how much Rinso saves us on linen replacements. Since I gave up rubbin' the things and use Rinso's silky-soft suds, it's surprisin' how the clothes last.

The woman who'll give you the most advice about

bringin' up your child has probably never had one herself.

Ever noticed that the most valuable house furnishings are the ones lost in a fire—specially if they were insured.

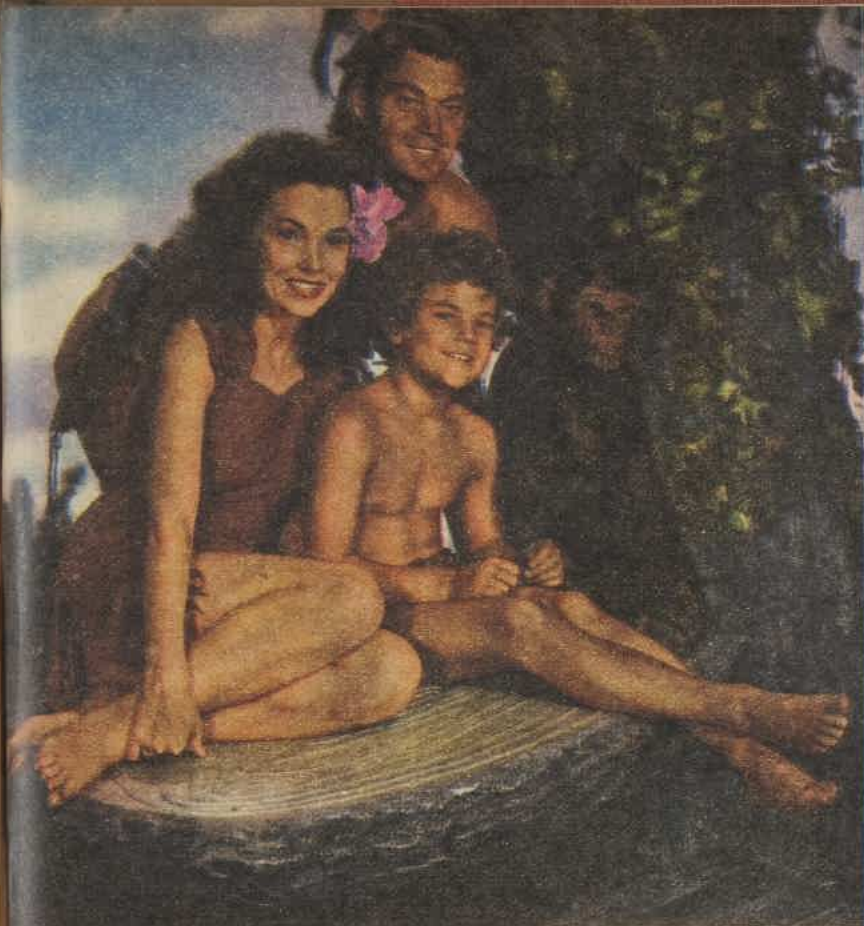
Dad says I should 'a' been a teacher 'cause I'm always lecturing about Rinso's richer suds. But bless me, I can't help tellin' folks how to lighten the load on washday.

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Movie World

BEAUTY IN JUNGLE

From CHRISTINE WEBB
in Hollywood

THERE is a new popularity in tropic films and jungle stories—a popularity summed up for me by a high movie executive in one word, "escape."

"Jungle stories lend themselves to technicolor," he said, "and to that atmosphere of luxury and peace which escapist audiences demand."

More, their overhead costs are small. The wardrobe bill, for example, is practically nil!

So Universal is embarking upon a whole series of jungle films, with the alluring titles of "Cobra Woman," "White Savage," and "South to Tahiti," which will feature Maria Montez, Jon Hall, and the Indian star, Sabu.

Moreover, this trio are appearing again at the same studio in the elaborate "Arabian Night," being filmed on the lot by independent producer, Walter Wanger.

In this latter picture they will be accompanied by Lief Erickson, Billy Gilbert, John Qualen, and Turhan Bey.

Maria Montez, who takes the feminine lead in all four pictures, looks like being Dorothy Lamour's jungle rival. As does Hedy Lamarr, whose colorful role of the native girl in MGM's "White Cargo" has led to other stars demanding similar stories and similar characters.

In fact, studios are rivalling one another in the invention of words to describe the girl's tropic apparel.

Dorothy Lamour's sarong brought fame to Paramount. MGM followed with "lurong," to describe the garment worn by Hedy Lamarr in "White Cargo." Universal has now adopted the word "slendang" for the wrap used by Maria Montez in her exotic adventures.

There is a wave, too, of more realistic stories with tropic settings. United Artists have "The Moon and Sixpence," from the Somerset Maugham tale, with George Sanders. RKO is following "Tutiles of Tahiti" with another Island story as soon as suitable players can be found.

The original jungle characters, however, Tarzan and his family, look like disappearing from the screen. Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Weissmuller both have left MGM.

RKO talks of putting Johnny into "Tarzan's Triumph" with Frances Gifford. But he is to outwit the Nazis, instead of jungle foes, and leave the adventures of unreality to the "Leopard Man," who has been chosen as Tarzan's dream-world successor by this studio.

● Jungle's most famous family, Tarzan (Johnny Weissmuller), his wife (Maureen O'Sullivan), and son (Johnny Sheffield), make their farewell for MGM in "Tarzan's New York Adventure." See story on this page for Tarzan's film future.

● The sultry Tondelejo of MGM's "White Cargo," at right, is none other than Hedy Lamarr. The star's appearance in this character (supported by Walter Pidgeon and Richard Carlson) promises to set a vogue for native-girl roles.



● Beauty of the tropics, Maria Montez, seen here in a scene from "Cobra Woman," is making no fewer than four escapist pictures for Universal. Maria herself was born in the Dominican Republic, of Spanish parents.



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CUPID IN A JAM



1 CONGRATULATING actress Carrie (Diana Barrymore) on her stage performance as Victoria, her manager, Kilinsky (Devine), reminds her she has to travel home.



3 PRETENDING to be 12 years old, to save Chris' happiness, Carrie meets Jimmy (Robert Cummings), best friend of her mother's fiancé, Steve (J. Boles), and engaged himself.



5 ATTRACTED to Jimmy, disguised Carrie picks fight to stop his meeting fiancée.



7 REMEMBERING Carrie's previous appearance as "Aunt Sadie," Jimmy suspects he is being fooled.

Comedy for a Barrymore

• To prove Diana Barrymore inherited the varied talents of her famous father, Universal presents her in this sparkling farce of errors named "Between Us Girls."

During the film Diana masquerades as a 12-year-old girl, bedevils a young man (Robert Cummings) with her lamer capers on skates, in an ice-cream shop, and in a runaway motor car. She also pretends to be a tough woman named "Aunt Sadie." Her stage appearances within the plot present her first as Queen Victoria and later, as Joan of Arc.

With Diana's kaleidoscopic misadventures appear Kay Francis, John Boles, and Andy Devine, who wears formal clothes for the first time on the screen.



2 SURPRISING her mother, Chris (Kay Francis), Carrie learns the latter is engaged to a wealthy man who imagines Carrie to be a mere child.



4 BETRAYING PHOTOGRAPH of herself is explained away by Carrie as a picture of her "Aunt Sadie," whom she describes as a very abandoned young woman of twenty-five.



6 DEPRESSED by complications in the masquerade, Carrie attends Kilinsky's night-club party with Chris, but when Jimmy arrives accidentally pretends to be "Aunt Sadie."

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• Sparkling with success—she has signed a seven-year contract with Columbia—Constance Worth, otherwise Joy Howarth, displays the new haircut designed for her by the studio.

SYDNEY GIRL'S LUCK HAS CHANGED

Cable story from VIOLA MACDONALD
in Hollywood

I WALKED onto the set of Republic's new serial, "G-Men Versus the Black Dragon," to see Constance Worth (Australia's Joy Howarth) strapped down to a plank being drawn towards a buzz saw, and rescued at the last moment by the intrepid hero.

When the scare was over Constance limped over to me displaying leg bruises and a happy smile.

"Serial-making is tough work," said the Australian actress, "as I face almost certain death in every sequence of fifteen chapters, but I love it. It is grand to be working after months of inactivity."

Constance recently signed a seven-year contract with Columbia, where she has already featured in two films—"City Without Men" and "Shall I Tell 'Em?"

She was lent to Republic Studios for the serial for six weeks before returning to Columbia, where she has to make her fifth picture this year.

"I had a difficult time be-



• Australian Joy Howarth (known to Hollywood as Constance Worth) with John Beal in a scene from Columbia's "Shall I Tell 'Em?"

fore my luck changed," she confided. "It is true I worked as a waitress in a Beverly Hills drive-in, where I carried trays to customers in cars. I worked night duty for several weeks, while I spent my days hunting work around the studios."

"Finally my chance came when Columbia tested me, and signed me to appear with Chester Morris in 'Boston Blackie Returns.'"

"I hoped nobody recognised me while I was a waitress, as I did not want my family in Australia to worry. Many times I was tempted to catch the first boat for Australia, but something made me carry on."

"I'm glad now I hung on, as the

experience has proved all to the good. All I want now is to continue working," she says.

The plucky young actress tells me she has no time for romance these days. She spends all her free evenings working in the Hollywood Services Canteen.

In the serial she plays a British girl agent aiding Americans to catch Japanese spies. She told me serials are popular in every country in the world, especially in South America, where the whole serial is shown in one sitting for impatient customers who cannot bear the weekly suspense. They see the entire picture in one four-hour session.

Her grueling experiences while out of work in Hollywood have strengthened her character, and enabled her to judge the dress from the gold in Hollywood life. She will be a better actress for having emerged with unconquered spirit from those months of hardship.

Camp touring in Newfoundland

JOAN BLONDELL, tired, wan, but happy after her camp tour through the wilds of Newfoundland, relaxed in an armchair at her comfortable home to tell me of her war-work experiences.

Joan is a member of Hollywood's Victory Committee, which supplies entertainment to U.S. troops throughout the world. Said she: "The success of foreign tours gives rise to a hope that stars will soon visit Australia."

"Naturally, great secrecy must shroud their departures and arrivals. But, as 109 players have begged the com-

JOAN BLONDELL TELLS OF HER WORK IN MAKESHIFT THEATRES

By VIOLA MACDONALD

mittee to send them anywhere in the world, I think it is safe to say that Australians may see some of us in the near future."

Among other stars now actively engaged in camp touring is Harry Ritz, who is just back from the jungles of Central America.

Carole Landis, Kay Francis, and Martha Raye are now in England on a two-month tour. Harpo Marx

is continuously camp touring in America, clowning for the boys with his famous harp. Harpo travels in a Red Cross Army truck. Bob Hope, Joe Brown, and Frances Langford have toured Alaska and the Aleutians.

Hope and Edward G. Robinson are off to Ireland. Britain has already welcomed Merle Oberon, Allen Jenkins, Patricia Morison, and Al Jolson. Abbott and Costello have been to the Caribbean.

Joan Blondell herself found her Newfoundland tour as strenuous and as satisfying as any abroad.

"For six weeks I lived like a soldier in many lonely outposts of both Canadians and Americans," she said.

Usually a non-commissioned officer gave up his hut to me. I slept on an Army cot, and lined up at meals with my mess kit—tin, plate, knife, and fork.

Makeshift theatre

"DURING the day I travelled between camps, arriving at night and putting on shows on a makeshift stage."

"Often I found soldiers more anxious to sit and chat than watch my dancing or hear my singing, so sometimes I sat and listened to them talk until I am before they would let me leave."

"At one camp I located five men who had not seen a white woman for twenty-two months. They were so delighted to see someone from home that we talked far into the night."

Their only entertainment there was a worn-out gramophone, lacking needles. Now that I am back in civilisation I am campaigning to get records, needles, and machines for these men," declared Joan.

Joan now is only anxious to set off again on another camp tour, and hopes that husband Dick Powell may go, too.

"I have only one tip for other tourers," she said. "Leave your stockings at home! I started out with twelve pairs, and returned barelegged. My stockings were torn to ribbons in the brush."

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HERO COMES HOME: *More frightened of speeches than bombs*



GUNNER WILBERT ("Ducky") HUDSON with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Hudson, at his welcome home party.

M.M. winner is shy guest at welcome party

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

"Ducky" Hudson is home again.

"Ducky" enlisted at eighteen for service in Darwin.

He came home wearing the ribbon of the Military Medal, one of the first two awarded for distinguished service against the enemy on Australian soil.

He came home with the memory of battle and four months of pain and courage in hospital.

And he came home with the same cheerful kid's grin, and the same shyness of the boy who was little more than a schoolboy when he enlisted three years ago.

"DARKY" HUDSON was one of three young gunners who were severely burned when oil near their gun position was set on fire by Japanese bombers in July.

During the months when Army nurses performed a miracle of nursing in saving their lives they became known as the "Burns boys."

"Ducky" is now quite recovered.

"Ducky's" parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Hudson, gave him a welcome home in Merrylands, where the family has lived for twenty-five years.

Although Merrylands is really an outer suburb, it was the kind of party country people give and city people read about enviously.

The ninety guests sat round the flag-decked School of Arts waiting expectantly for the guest of honor.

The orchestra tuned up and the master of ceremonies for the occasion, Mr. Reg Clarke, announced an old-fashioned waltz.

Parents moved their children off the dance floor—among them were little girls in their party frocks; their hair in gleaming sausage curls, a small boy who slept in his push-cart alongside the piano all the evening, and young Jim Wilcox, son of "Ducky's" sister Nell, Mrs. Jim Wilcox.

Four generations of the Hudson family were present—Grandpa Preston, Mrs. Hudson's father, the Hudson parents, the Hudson children—Mrs. Wilcox, Mrs. Fred Dane, the two youngest girls, Queensie and Violet, and Harry ("Smiler"), the eldest boy.

When the host and hostess arrived Mrs. Hudson carried the main item of supper—a handsome cake.

"We ordered a cake," said Mr. Hudson, "but when it came home you wouldn't have given threepence for it. Mrs. Hudson had made a cake for Charlie, our boy in the A.I.F. in Queensland, so we decided to bring it to the party and make another one for Charlie."

Mrs. Hudson searched the district for cake decorations without success, and finally decorated it with cream, hundreds and thousands, and "Welcome Home" written in chocolate.

There was a hold-up in the guest of honor's arrival because he had missed Josie at the station. Josie is his "correspondence girl-friend,"



"DARKY" is given his first dancing lesson by Miss Josie Bennings, whom he met for the first time at the party after corresponding for months.



HERO OF A BOMBING RAID, "Ducky" was more scared of speeches than bombs. Ald. Maunier, Mayor of Holroyd, made a speech.

whom he was to meet for the first time.

Then the word went round, "He's coming down the road."

There was that hush of expectancy a crowd accords to the brave or to the beautiful.

The M.C. asked the guests to form a circle, and the orchestra struck up "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

"Ducky" came in, grinned, ducked his head shyly, stuck his hands in his pockets and joined his parents in the middle of the floor.

While his father, Ald. G. E. Maunier, Mayor of Holroyd, and several other people made speeches, "Ducky" stood looking as if he had been caught out in a schoolboy misdeed.

His father made probably one of the outstanding understatements of the war when he said of his heroic son, "My boy had the pleasure of doing his little bit in the north."

"Ducky" got a reassuring smile from Sister Dora Bell, who nursed "Ducky" and the other two "Burns boys," Ron Crake and Jack Warner, in the primitive Army hospital in the Northern Territory.

"This is the girl that saved our boy's life," Mrs. Hudson said, when she introduced her to other guests.

The orchestra struck up again and dancers took the floor.

"Ducky" darted around greeting old friends—he hasn't learned to dance yet.

"Ducky's" pal, Sapper "Bluey" McKean, stood by through "Ducky's" ordeal of the speeches.

"Bluey" dug up the first unex-

ploded bomb from Australian soil, and buried the two Japanese from the plane "Ducky" brought down last February, when he earned his

medal—when, as he himself put it, "I just hopped out in the open a bit and fired the old gun."

Josie and "Ducky" had met for the first time at the gate of the Hudsons' home, Nil Desperandum, just up the street from the School of Arts.

I asked her what happened at their first meeting.

"He said 'Hullo,' and I said 'Hullo,' she said.

Sister Bell brought the good news



"WELCOME HOME" cake made by his mother being cut by the guest of honor.



SISTER D. BELL, who nursed "Ducky," talking to Sapper "Bluey" McKean, who buried the Japs from the plane "Ducky" brought down.

that the other two "Burns boys," Ron Crake and Jack Ryder, had had their first walk that week.

The recovery of the "Burns boys" is a miracle of patient and courageous nursing in a primitive hospital without proper equipment and facilities.

The nurses made the "Burns boys" exercise in a 16-gallon tin bath every day so that their muscles would not contract.

Sister Bell became their special nurse and looked after them until they were able to move round the hospital grounds in wheel chairs, and they were then moved to a southern hospital by plane.

"It was a tough job," said Sister Bell, "but it was worth it. 'Ducky' was such a brave kid, and we all liked him because he was so unassuming."

The "Burns boys" were injured by intense heat when Japanese bombers set fire to oil near their gun position.

"Ducky" Hudson is back in the Army again after his four months in hospital. He reported for duty at 7 on the morning after his welcome home.

Volunteers wanted for our Club for Servicewomen

Very shortly we hope to announce the opening date of The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen, and more of our readers may like to volunteer now for service there.

STRUCTURAL alterations to the premises—three floors of David Jones' store, George Street, Sydney—are nearly complete, and all equipment and furnishings have been chosen.

Lists of voluntary helpers are now being prepared. Members of the staff of The Australian Women's Weekly and the Daily Telegraph have volunteered their services.

In addition we have already received many offers of outside assistance, and a number of additional voluntary workers is also required.

Those who wish to offer their services should address letters to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Here is an outline of the work for which volunteers are required. The club day begins at 7 a.m. and finishes at midnight.

HOSTESSES are required for the

reception floor for all these hours, but a special appeal is made for those who are free during the day.

Duties will be to look after reception and comfort of the girls, to supervise telephone and cloakroom services, to attend to flowers, answer inquiries, etc. Hostesses will also co-operate with the entertainment committee on special "Open House" nights, and for dances and concerts.

SNACK BAR ATTENDANTS are needed for the snack bar, which is on the reception floor. It will be open from 10 a.m. to 11.45 a.m., 2.30 p.m. to 5.45 p.m., and 8 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. Cool drinks, tea, coffee, biscuits, and sandwiches will be served here, and two attendants are needed for each session.

KITCHEN HELPERS and CANTEN COOKS are required for at least two hours before luncheon and dinner service time. The kitchen has been attractively equipped with labor-saving devices.

WAITRESSES are needed for the dining-room, which is open until

8.30 a.m. for breakfast, noon to 2 p.m. for lunch, and from 6 p.m. to 7.45 p.m. for dinner. Waitresses are required, if possible, to report for duty half an hour before meal service times, and to stay half an hour after.

BEDMAKERS are needed each morning between 8 and 10 o'clock for changing bed-linen and remaking beds after girls have checked out from the club.

DORMITORY HOSTESSES, one or two at a time, are required from 8 o'clock in the daytime, and at night until 12. This is quiet, easy work, and duties will include issue of towels and soap, reception and entering of hairdressing appointments.

HAIRDRESSERS and CHIROPODISTS are also required.

LIFT-DRIVERS are needed for each evening after 5.30, and between 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. The club will have its own entrance in George Street, with the exclusive use of two lifts, one automatic and one manual.

Attractive floral poplin uniforms have been made for the club. These will be inexpensive, and it is hoped that all workers will wear the uniform.

Toilet and change rooms have been provided for workers.

Editorial

DECEMBER 12, 1942

VIVE LA FRANCE!

THE France we once loved so well was reborn last week as the smoke cleared away above Toulon harbor, where staunch Frenchmen destroyed their Navy rather than let it serve a hated enemy.

No men who have died for freedom in this war leave a more poignant memory than the captains and the sailors of France who gave their lives at Toulon in one of the greatest gestures of history.

The whole free world mourns them, captains who stood steadfast on the bridges of their sinking ships, sailors who fired on the approaching enemy while their brothers set the explosions that rent vessel after vessel.

Ever since France fell Britain has had to worry whether the powerful French fleet might one day be forced to turn its guns on its former Allies.

We know now that we need never have worried. There are still too many Frenchmen of the Verdun breed who prefer to lose their lives rather than their souls.

To the once free men of Greece, of Czechoslovakia, of Norway, Yugoslavia, Holland, and Belgium, who now are under the tyranny of Nazi overlords, the action of these Frenchmen will be a new inspiration.

To the fighting Allies a new faith comes in the eternal strength of the human spirit which, rising above worldly limitations, dares all for an ideal.

Such a spirit can never be conquered.

Vive la France!

—THE EDITOR.

Ship appeared to know her fate

A story that is likely to become a legend of the sea is told by a soldier in this week's Letters from Our Boys.

Tied up to the same buoy as our ship in Colombo was the British cruiser Dorsetshire," writes Corp. C. M. Steel, now in Australia, to his wife in Mittagong, N.S.W.:

"A LITTLE bit away was the Cornwall, another British cruiser. I swam over and spoke to several men on the Dorsetshire.

"She absolutely bristled with guns and ack-ack. She wasn't new, but was one of the smartest war boats I'd ever seen.

"That afternoon there was an Alert. A strong force of Jap planes was on its way. There was a real prize for hon. monkey-man. The Dorsetshire would surely draw the bombs, and what she missed we would collect, our thoughts ran. "But she looked so venomous one could not imagine planes getting anywhere near her.

"We had a strange sense of disappointment when it was found the Japs had turned back, for we wanted to see the Dorsetshire in action.

"They came the next day, Easter Sunday morn, 75 of them—but that's another story!

"We heard she was to put to sea at 10 p.m. We crowded the stern of our old boat to watch as they prepared to free her from the buoy. This was usually done by manipulation of chains from above.

"Strong lights were thrown down on to the buoy, and the work began. But they got nowhere.

"She would not let go! They tried everything. More powerful lights were brought to bear.

"Of course, our boys chuckled somewhat, but neither this nor their difficulties altered those calm English voices.

"They tried this, they tried that, but she held on as for dear life. The renowned clockwork of the Navy was spragged.

"The old ship was thinking of her men, not herself, is my thought.

"In the end, after 10 p.m., a boat was lowered and three men had to force her grip with hammerings from the last buoy she was ever to know.

"I saw her go quietly, resignedly, out into the unknown.

"The beloved ship was to meet the enemy, and to die along with the Cornwall, the next day at some lonely ocean spot.

"And what I wonder is, did she know?"

Pto. Les Thredgold in New Guinea to his cousin, Miss Ethel Thredgold, Munderoo, S.A.:

"We ran into 200 Japs and had to turn back.

"Col and I left Roy in search of food. We came to a garden, but it was bare, and then went for days without anything to eat.

"We got weaker and weaker, and on Col's twenty-first birthday we were starving.

"Ate a lily leaf, and it wasn't bad. Our ideas brightened up, but after five minutes it nearly burnt my stomach out, just six times hotter than chilies I reckon.

"Had some stringy things off a tree, and that made us ill. Now we hear they were poisonous. No wonder Col's skin went yellow.

"On the fourteenth day we were mistaken for Japs, and nearly stopped a few from a machine-gunner, so our luck was in."

WOT'S THE NEWS?

[Verses by Sgt. Joe McAllister. Sketches by Sig. H. Dickson, both members of the 9th Div. Signallers.]

IT'S a universal greeting where'er the place of meeting, When the toiler stops to rest his weary thaws, He's saluted night or day by the roamer on his way, With "How yer goin', Dig. Wot's the news?"

No matter where you be, on the job or when you're free, When you're lining up for tucker in the queues, Anyone who looms in sight is accosted left and right, By the oft-repeated query, "Wot's the news?"

When patrols creep out at night just to see that things are right, And they cop a Jerry sentry in a snooze, When he wakens from his doze with a bayonet 'neath his nose, It's "How ye're goin', Fritzzy. Wot's the news?"

Cry of "Fire" unexpected from a quarter unsuspected, It's a sapper lighting up a three-inch fuse, As you haste the other way he will nonchalantly say, "Hey, just a minute, mate, Wot's the news?"

And the boys who've copped a packet, earned a six-foot wooden jacket, Taken one-way briefs upon a heavenly cruise, When St. Peter swings the gate they will greet him sure as fate, With "Hullo, Whiskers Blake, Wot's the news?"

Pte. R. C. Sneddon somewhere in Australia to Miss V. Warren, 22 Sydney Rd., Coburg, Vic.:

"YOU may have read of the bravery of two sisters who, on their way home by merchant boat from Singapore, were looking after badly-wounded soldiers in a cabin which caught fire.

"Afraid their patients would suffocate from smoke they stayed as long as they dared and then moved them up on deck.

"Then they saw two of the gunners injured by dive-bombing and threw themselves on top of the boys to prevent further injury.

"Sister Anderson was decorated with the George Medal, and Sister Torney with the O.B.E.

"These two sisters are here with us. We are proud of them, as you will imagine.

"The Army at any time gives very little praise, and never shows emotion of any kind, so the boys were quite thrilled when our C.O. ordered a full-dress parade of all the soldiers in the depot in their honor.

"The Padre read the citation, and the C.O. called for three cheers for the sisters.

"I bet the town has never heard such cheers before."

Able-seaman J. Bentley to a friend in Katoomba, N.S.W.:

"ON a pretty rough night with poor visibility we received about 11 o'clock a message that five men had been washed overboard from another ship and would we kindly find them and pick them up if possible.

"Fortunately for the men, a dinghy had been washed over with them, and the whole five were able to cling to it.

"After searching for about half an hour the searchlight showed them up, and then came the job of bringing them on board.

"After throwing lines and life-belts frantically we got one off, then another, and then two more.

"This left one, and while we were dragging the last two aboard the dinghy drifted away. It was about ten minutes before we found it.

"When we reached him again he was evidently too weak to grasp a line, so one of our mob dived overboard and brought him back. He was finally brought aboard at 1 a.m., suffering pretty severely from shock."

These letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter or extract from a letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of 2s.

Interesting People



WG.-COMDR. W. E. SURPLICE

Decorated for Dieppe
WING-COMMANDER W. E. SURPLICE, D.F.C., R.A.F., who prepared way for Allied Commando landing at Dieppe, has been awarded D.S.O. for his work. He piloted leading aircraft of bomber formation which flew low over Dieppe beaches dropping smoke bombs to screen troops' landing. Planned all details of his squadron's work. On accuracy of first smoke sortie depended success of work of following planes.



MAJOR MAY DOUGLAS

A.W.A.S. training school
OFFICER in command of first and second special A.W.A.S. advanced training schools for officers, held recently in Victoria, was Major May Douglas, A.W.A.S., Assistant Controller South Australian Lines of Communication. First to be held since initial one when the service was established, the schools were attended by officers from all States.



LT.-COL. E. MEYERS

Army hygiene
ASSISTANT-DIRECTOR of Army Hygiene in N.S.W., Lieut.-Colonel E. Meyers advises the Army on methods of camp hygiene, such as prevention of fly and mosquito plagues and disposal of rubbish, directs trained staff in camps and classes in hygiene for the troops. In civil life is officer of N.S.W. Health Department.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP

As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

A PECULIAR week lies ahead. Good fortune should predominate for Arians, Leonians, Librans, Sagittarians, and Aquarians, but there is a reasonable share of difficulties for Gemini, Virgo, and Pisces.

In fact, these latter groups will do well to exercise care and patience in all they do. Failure is more likely to attend their affairs than success.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Make full use of December 8 (especially after 6 p.m.). Much good can follow your efforts. December 11 (to noon) poor, but helpful in early afternoon and after 11 p.m. December 12 (evening) very fair; December 15 (around sunset) fair, then adverse to 9 p.m., and good to 10 p.m.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Plan ahead. Things improve soon. Meanwhile December 11 (around sunrise) and December 15 (around sunrise and sunset) just fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Be guarded and dodge discord, opposition, disappointments, and upsets. Losses, partings, and difficulties can prevail, especially on December 8, December 10 (midday hours), December 11 (early and late), December 13 (forenoon and sunset hours), December 14 and 15.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Not a particularly helpful week, so keep to routine tasks.

LEO (July 22 to August 24): A mixed week, so go cautiously. Good fortune should predominate if you do. Until December 8 (especially after 6 p.m.), but December 11, 12 and 13 can be difficult. December 15 (evening) tricky, though good is possible between 9 and 10 o'clock.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Be very cautious. Pitfalls can abound, particularly on December 13 (forenoon and evening), December 14, and December 15 (probably worst of all). December 8 can be difficult, too, also December 9, December 10 (midday), December 11 (late). Keep to routine affairs.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Very fair conditions possible, so work hard and plan ahead. December 8 (especially after dusk) good; December 11 very tricky, with mid-afternoon good; December 12 fair; December 13 (to 9 a.m.) helpful; December 15 (evening) poor.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Uneventful days for most Scorpions, though December 15 (between 6 and 8 a.m., and from 9 to 9.30 p.m.) may prove helpful. December 11 (evening), December 12, and December 13 poor.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): A mixed week, so be cautious. December 8 (to dusk) good, then better; December 11 (afternoon) good, but poor between 9 and 10.30 p.m.; December 12 (to dusk) fair, then good in mid-evening; December 13 (to 9 a.m.) very good, then adverse; December 14 very poor; December 15 (to 9 p.m.) adverse, then fair to 10 p.m.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Not particularly eventful, though December 10 (evening) is fair. December 15 (6 to 8 a.m., and 5 to 6.30 p.m.) slightly helpful.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): A week when modest gains and advancements are possible if you work hard. Until December 8 (particularly after 6 p.m.), December 11 (mid-afternoon, and after 10.30 p.m.), December 12 (best in mid-evening), and December 13 (from 6 to 9 a.m. only).

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Difficulties and worries probable this week, so be cautious and patient. Try to avoid trouble, especially on December 8, December 9, December 10 (midday), December 11 (from 8 to 11 p.m.), December 13 (forenoon and afternoon), December 14 (afternoon), and December 15. Avoid changes and new ventures.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have been captured by enemy agents and placed aboard a foreign ship in irons. **DR. GRIFF:** Inventor of a machine to destroy planes in the air by electric energy, is also a prisoner on the vessel, having been kidnapped. When

THE CHIEF: Of the spies discovers Mandrake's identity he has the magician and his servant loaded down with weights and thrown overboard. Mandrake frees himself from the chains and pulling Lothar to the surface clings to the side of the vessel. **NOW READ ON:**



MANDRAKE FINALLY FREES THE INERT LOTHAR OF HIS CHAINS AND WEIGHTS--AND CLINGS TO THE SHIP'S STERN



GET STARTED, CAPTAIN! IT'LL BE DAYLIGHT SOON!



YES, SIR.

AND THE LARGE SHIP'S PROPELLER BEGINS TO TURN--



MANDRAKE FIGHTS DOGGEDLY TO PULL AWAY FROM IT--OR SUFFER INSTANT DEATH IN THE REVOLVING BLADES--



WELL, DR. GRIFF-- YOU'RE AWAKE AT LAST--



YOU--YOU MONSTER--YOU MAY TAKE ME WHERE YOU LIKE-- BUT YOU'LL NEVER FORCE ME TO REVEAL MY INVENTION--



WE HAVE WAYS OF MAKING PEOPLE AGREEABLE DR. GRIFF. WHEN WE'RE FINISHED WITH YOU, YOU'LL BE GLAD TO DO AS WE ASK. BY THE WAY, YOUR FRIEND, MANDRAKE, WAS HERE.

MANDRAKE-- HE'S NOW AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN, AND DR. GRIFF WE'RE NOT PLAYING GAMES WITH YOU. WE'RE QUITE SERIOUS!



MANDRAKE FINALLY FIGHTS AWAY ALONG THE SHIP'S SIDE WITH LOTHAR--



WHEW! NOW, FOR A BREATHING SPELL-- AT LEAST, WE'RE SAFE FOR THE TIME BEING. THEY THINK WE'RE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN-- THAT GIVES US AN ADVANTAGE--



BUT AT THAT MOMENT--A SAILOR HAPPENS TO LOOK OVER AND SEES THEM--



HE STARTS TO CRY OUT--BUT MANDRAKE'S EYES BURN INTO HIS--



HE TRIES TO STRUGGLE FROM THE RAIL--BUT THE STEADY HYPNOTIC GAZE HOLDS HIM--



IN A LOW, CALM VOICE, MANDRAKE COMMANDS--



TO BE CONTINUED

Whole town turns out to bring in season's hay



HARVESTING is thirsty work. Joan Yaupaung, one of the townsfolk who worked during harvest.

Volunteer workers help increase harvest by 10,000 tons

By BETTY NESBIT

From the bank manager to the smallest assistant in the grocery store, all the townsfolk of Ganmain, one of Australia's largest haymaking districts, lent a hand bringing in this year's harvest.

For the last month they have gone out to the paddocks as soon as they finished their daily work at 5.30 and toiled till dark.



MR. W. H. LOGAN, secretary of Ganmain War Agriculture Committee, which organised volunteer harvesters, with his dog Nigger.

I WENT to Ganmain to see this community effort in full swing. I've never seen a happier crowd of people.

Alongside the townsfolk, soldiers on leave from nearby camps, Waaafs, city men on holidays, Land Girls, and farmers' wives work enthusiastically.

As a result of this volunteer labor 10,000 more tons of hay will be harvested this year than last.

In all about seventy-five townspeople volunteered and they were paid for the work. The rate of pay is 4/- an hour, or 2/6 a ton.

Albert Hetherington, grocer's assistant, made £20 in a month.

"The biggest money I ever earned," said stocky "Albie." "Giving it all to Mum, though," he added.

Now that the stooking is over he will sew wheat bags in his spare time at week-ends.

CITY MEN C. Notting (left) and C. J. Harris (right) have "smoko" with boss, Alan Hamblin. Messrs. Notting and Harris volunteered to harvest on holiday.

Although most of the townspeople have lived all their lives in the country they had never taken any part in harvesting, and to the majority stooking was a complete mystery.

The first part of haymaking is stooking, that is, the stacking of the sheaves. This is back-breaking work and hard on the hands, but they managed it.

They also had to walk for miles around the paddocks following the trail of the machine which cuts and binds the sheaves.

And now all over the yellow sun-dried paddocks stand the stooks, carefully-stacked sheaves, looking like hundreds of Indian wigwams.

These stooks represent a month's hard work by the townsfolk. A late at night, sometimes until 11 o'clock. Before and after the moonlight they worked till the stars were shining, until it was too dark to pick up the sheaves.

"When the crop was ready the farmers were in absolute despair. There seemed no way of getting it in and no chance of getting any outside labor," said Mr. W. H. Logan, the town's stock and station agent.

"We remembered last season when we only managed to harvest half of the usual amount and wondered what to do," he added.

grant up to £10 according to the number of contributions; for a maternity grant of £4, and for a married woman, gainfully occupied, a thirteen-weeks' maternity benefit at 38/-.

In addition to the ordinary benefit to which they are entitled, widows are given a special thirteen weeks' benefit of 38/- weekly.

The retirement pension of a man and wife is £2 weekly.

For children there is an allowance of eight shillings weekly for each child, when the responsible parent is in receipt of benefit.

There is also a funeral grant of £20 for adults, with a decreasing amount for children according to age.

But financial benefits are only one part of the report, which also envisages a huge scheme of medical and dental services aimed at the prevention and cure of disease and disability, with provision for rehabilitation and fitting for employment by treatment which will be both medical and post-medical.

The whole plan, if adopted, will revolutionise the entire social life of the country, and remove absolutely the spectre of ill-health, accident, physical or mental affliction.

That it is intended to be no mere patching of the present social services—which, the report freely admits, are among the best in the world—is shown by Sir William's statement:

"A revolutionary moment in the world's history is the time for revolutions, not for patching."



LOCAL DRAPER RAY McLEAN AND BANK CLERK JOCELYN KINGSFORD in paddocks making stooks. Mr. McLean's daughter, Joce (centre), carries the water-bag.

It was, however, Mr. Logan, a sun-tanned countryman, who has lived in Ganmain since he was four, who decided to ask for the co-operation of the local people.

They were divided up into four gangs. One led by Mr. Logan, the others by the schoolteacher, Mr. Robert Gralton, Mr. Les Jones, garage proprietor, and Mr. J. P. Dunn. The latter owns the sawmill, and his employees made up his gang.

Mr. Logan's utility truck took his workers to the paddocks, and they met at 5.30 in front of his office each night.

Overalls, dirndls, and jodhpurs were worn by the women, who soon got wise to the fact that stooking is hard on the hands and wore cotton gloves.

They tied bright scarves over their hair to keep the fine hay-dust out.

Record for stooking was 35 tons in one evening.

Making stacks

THE next phase of the hay season is the making of haystacks. This is a job for an experienced man, but the townsfolk will be helping also. They will work on Sundays.

Stacking begins with pitching the sheaves onto the hay-cart—flat drays with frames to keep the hay in. This is driven to the stack and unloaded. Two people turn the sheaves and one man stacks.

This work has already begun on a number of fields, and is being done by twenty Land Army girls.

One of the farmers, Mr. Reg Hamblin, who was in Malaya with some of the A.I.F. and was invalided home, employed the girls and is exceedingly pleased with their work.

This particular group volunteered to come to Ganmain when they heard that harvesting hands were needed so desperately.

"Jolly glad we did," said one of them, Joyce Hutton, of Belmont, a pretty girl whose city-toned skin was already tanned in a glowing brown.

"The people around here are awfully good to us, and we're enjoying it. The first week we were all very homesick, cried a bit, and found the work hard,

but once our muscles got used to it it didn't mind."

She was working with two other girls on a haystack. The third one, Olive Batten, a sturdy, tousled-haired girl, was driving the hay-cart from one end of the paddock to the stack. With an expert hand she drove the horse and manoeuvred them alongside the stack, tied the reins, and with a "holloa" jumped from the top of the cart on to the horse's back, and then to the ground.

This girl, from Redfern, former factory hand, had been in the country five weeks, and then for the first time in her life.

"No more city for me," she said, picking up a pitchfork and starting to load the sheaves.

Mrs. A. M. Hamblin, mother of the employer, has given up her home to the girls, where they are being looked after by two matrons.

"It's a lovely house," said Olive, "and we think working for country people is fine."

The girls go to bed early in the week nights, but on Saturday, the town's big day, they are driven into town. Some go to the pictures, some to dances, and others visit new-made friends.

Others who have given up their leisure to help with the harvest are Driver Jack Holden, A.I.F., whose two weeks' leave from a battle-scarred occupation in stacking on his parent's farm.

A.E.W. Marjorie Hamblin, W.A.A.F., came home on leave with some of her fellow-servicewomen, A.E.W. Marjorie Hitch and Corporal Blanche Roberts, and all helped Mr. Syd Hamblin, Marjorie's father.

Mr. Charles Notting and Mr. C. J. Harris work in the same company in Manly, N.S.W. One is a mechanic and the other a carpenter. When their annual three weeks' holiday arrives they decided to volunteer for rural work.

"It's hard work, particularly trying to keep up with the experienced blokes," said Mr. Notting, "but the pay's good, and it's good to be doing something to help win the war."

New deal for women outlined in Beveridge plan

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Representative in England.

If the Beveridge report on Social Insurance and Allied Services is adopted by the House of Commons, the women of Britain will owe their first recognition of real equality—economic equality—to a sixty-three-year-old bachelor, Sir William Beveridge.

WHETHER or not his investigations have caused him to alter his views, he is shortly going to change his status by marrying a widow of about his own age, with four children.

She is Mrs. Jessie Mafr, whom he has known for over twenty years, and who is almost as distinguished in the field of economics and social science as Sir William himself.

Sir William's report, with the memoranda of the organisations concerned in social activities, totals 644 pages.

Its purpose is the creation of a plan of social security, which will ensure "Freedom from want" for every member of the community from the cradle to the grave.

For the purposes of the plan, the population is divided into six categories, and the third of these are the housewives, who thus receive recognition for the first time.

While women are treated on a basis of equality it does not mean they are treated the same as men.

For example, the retirement age for men is sixty-five, while for women it is sixty. The contribution of men will be higher than for

women so as to secure benefits for housewives.

It is, however, in the matter of benefits that the report establishes woman's equality. If adopted, this should have far-reaching effect on women's wages—probably bringing about that ambition of all believers in equality of the sexes, "equal pay for equal work," for it advocates the same rate of benefit for men and women where their economic needs are the same.

Indeed, throughout the report, women are regarded on exactly the same footing as men, except where circumstances require some differentiation.

The report states, "In any measure of social policy, wherein regard is had to facts, the great majority of married women must be regarded as occupied on work which is vital though unpaid, without which their husbands could not do their paid work, and without which the nation could not continue.

In accord with facts, this plan for social security treats the married woman as a special insurance class of occupied persons, and treats man and wife as a team.

The plan provides for a marriage



TOSSING THE SHEAVES:

● Olive Batten, a Land Army girl at Ganmain, quickly became expert at the job of tossing sheaves from cart to haystack.



ALAN COAD, brilliant young Australian baritone, who will broadcast from Station 2GB in aid of the Austerity Loan.

Radio help for big War Loan

The entire programme of "Calling the Stars" from station 2GB on the nights of Wednesday and Thursday, December 9 and 10, will be given in support of the Austerity Loan appeal.

THE show, written and produced by Jack Davey, will be a record of Australian progress in music, song, and drama, and will be called "The Australia Story."

It will open with the theme, "Waiving Matilda," and then will commence a dramatisation of the growth of the Australian Colony, with highlights from the careers of the men who helped to build the country.

The early explorers, the governors, the industrialists and settlers and the part they played in the young Colony will be dramatically pictured, and there will be a special episode dealing with the life of Sir Henry Parkes.

Radio's best-known singers will also take part in the programme. Alan Coad, with chorus, will sing "The Good Green Acres of Home," and Stella Wilson's lovely voice will be heard in "Vale." Other singers lined up are Kathleen Goodall, Harold Williams, and Thelma Graeme, who will be supported by a chorus.

Assistant comperes are Lloyd Lambie, Lloyd Berrell, and Hal Lashwood, and playing in the dramatic sketches are Sheila Sewell, Ben "oldfellow" McKee-Dickson, Arthur Ward, Beryl Bryant, and Ossie Wenban. Musical direction is by Montague Brearley.

The second half of the show, which will be on the air on the night of Thursday, December 10, will feature a dramatisation of "The Jervis Bay Goes Down," based on the poem by Gene Fowler. The exploits of this ship, which so gallantly fought to protect a convoy, captured the imagination of the American people, and in one of his broadcasts Ronald Colman recited the poem.

The whole of America was moved by this tribute, and Nell Fleming, who will be remembered by Australian radio audiences, made a special trip from her home in Washington to New York to secure the broadcasting rights for Australia.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, December 9.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Rees, Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, December 10.—Goodie Rees in "Precious Moments." Also Mrs. Oliver Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, December 11.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Rees in Gems of Melody and Thought.

SATURDAY, December 12.—Goodie Rees in "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, December 13.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, December 14.—"Letters from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, December 15.—"Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Oliver Francis in "The Housewife on the Home Front."

Howard

struggled to understand. "What were you frightened of?" he asked.

She said, "Figure it to yourself. Your son would have brought home a foreign girl whom he had married very suddenly in Paris. You would have thought that he had been foolish in a foreign city, as young men sometimes are. That he had been trapped by a bad woman into an unhappy marriage. I do not see how you could have thought otherwise."

"If I had thought that at first," he said, "I shouldn't have thought it for long."

They sat there for a long time, practically in silence. The air grew colder as the night went on. Presently the old man heard the girl's breathing grow more regular and knew she was almost asleep.

He got up stiffly and led her, still practically asleep, to the mattress, made her lie down, and put a blanket over her. In a short time she was asleep again.

At six o'clock the clumping of the soldiers' boots sounded in the corridor.

Presently a private brought them china bowls, some hunks of bread, and a large jug of bitter coffee. They breakfasted, and waited for something to happen, silent and depressed. Even the children caught the atmosphere and sat about in gloomy inactivity.

Eventually the door was flung open. The Feldwebel and a couple of privates herded them out and into a grey, camouflaged motor lorry with a closed, vanlike body.

They were taken to Lannils, unloaded at a big house opposite the church and herded into a corridor where a young officer, a Rittmeister of the Tank Corps, interviewed them.

He was dressed in a black uniform. On his head he wore a black beret garnished with the eagle and swastika and a wreathlike badge. On his shoulder straps an aluminium skull and crossbones gleamed dull upon the black cloth.

He had a notebook and a pencil in his hand. "Wie heissen Sie?" he asked Howard. "Mr. Familienname und Taufname? Ihr Beruf?"

Somebody translated into indifferent French, and the particulars of all the party were written down. As regards nationality, Howard declared himself, Sheila and Ronnie to be English; there was no use denying it. He said that Willem and Marjan were of nationality unknown.

The young officer went into a room. In a few minutes the door was flung open again and the party were marched in.

The Rittmeister's table. Behind this sat the young officer. By his side was an older man with a square, close-cropped head and a keen, truculent expression.

This man, as Howard subsequently learned, was Major Diessen, of the Gestapo.

"So," he said, harshly, but in quite good English, "we still have English gentlemen travelling in France."

The old man was silent.

The officer turned to Nicole. "You are French," he said, fiercely and vehemently. "You have been helping this man in his secret work against your country. You are a traitor to the armistice. I think you will be shot for this."

The girl stared at him, dumbfounded. Howard said, "There is no need to frighten her. We are quite ready to tell you the truth."

"I know your English truth," the Gestapo officer replied. "I will find my own, even if I have to whip every inch of skin from her body."

Howard said quietly, "What do you want to know?"

"I want to know what means you used to make her help you in your work."

Howard said, "I will answer your question as far as I can. I have no work in France, but I was trying to get back to England with these children. As for this young lady, she was a great friend of my son, who is now dead. We have known each other for some time."

Nicole said, "That is true. Monsieur Howard came to us in Chartres when all travelling to England had been stopped. I have known Focquet here since I was a little girl. We were trying to induce him to take money and the children back to England in his boat, but he was unwilling on account of the regulations."

The Pied Piper

Continued from Page 5

The old man stood silent, in admiration of the girl. If she got away with that one it let Focquet out completely.

The officer said suddenly and sharply, "We captured Charenton. He is to be executed to-morrow, by shooting."

There was a momentary silence. The German eyed the party narrowly, his keen eyes running from one to the other.

Howard said at last, "I am afraid I don't quite understand what you mean. I don't know anyone called Charenton."

"No," said the German. "And you do not know your Major Cochrane, nor Room 212 on the second floor of your War Office in Whitehall."

The old man could feel the scrutiny of everybody in the room upon him. "I have never been in the War Office," he said, "and I know nothing about the rooms. I used to know a Major Cochrane who had a house near Totnes, but he died in 1924. That is the only Cochrane that I ever knew."

The Gestapo officer smiled without mirth. "You expect me to believe that?"

"Yes, I do," the old man said, "because it is the truth."

Nicole interposed, speaking in French. "May I say a word? There is a misunderstanding here, truly there is. Monsieur Howard had come here directly from the Jura, stopping only with us in Chartres. He will tell you himself."

Howard said, "That is so. Would you like to hear how I came to be here?"

The German officer leaned back in his chair, insolently bored. "If you must," he said indifferently. "I will give you three minutes."

The old man paused to collect his thoughts. "I came to France from England in the middle of April," he said. "I had arranged to go to a place called Chidon in the Jura, for a little fishing holiday."

The Gestapo officer sat up sud-

"You are a traitor to the armistice. I think that you will be shot for this," the Gestapo officer told Nicole brusquely.

denly, galvanised into life. "What sort of fish?" he barked. "Answer me—quickly!"

Howard stared at him. "Blue trout," he said. "Sometimes you get a grayling but they aren't very common."

"And what tackle to catch them with—quickly!"

"Well," the old man said, "the stream is very strong, so SX is fine enough. Of course, it's all fishing wet, you understand."

The German relaxed. "Go on with your story," he said rudely.

Howard plunged into his tale, and in ten minutes or so had reached the end.

The Gestapo officer, Major Diessen, looked at him scornfully. "And now," he said, "if you had been able to return to England, what would you have done with all these children?"

Howard said, "I meant to send them to America."

"Why?"

"Because it is safe over there. Because this war is bad for children to see. It would be better for them to be out of it."

The German stared at him. "Very fine words. But who was going to pay to send them to America, may I ask?"

The old man said, "Oh, I should have done that."

The other smiled, scornfully amused. "And what would they do in America? Starve?"

"Oh, no. I have a married daughter over there. She would have made a home for them until the war was over."

There was a pause. The young tank officer leaned across and whispered a word or two to the Gestapo officer. Diessen nodded.

"By the dates," he said to the old man, "you could have returned to England if you had travelled straight through Dijon. But you did not do so. That is the weak point of your story. Why did you stay in France?"

"The little girl," Howard turned and indicated Sheila, "fell ill in Dijon. I told you so just now. She was too ill to travel."

The German leaned across the

table to him, white with anger. "Listen," he said, "I warn you once again, and this for the last time. I am not to be trifled with. That sort of lie would not deceive a child. If you had wanted to return to England you would have gone."

"These children were in my care," the old man said. "I could not have done that."

"So," Major Diessen said, "you refuse our kindness, and you will not talk. As you wish. Before the evening you will be talking freely, Mister Englishman, but by then you will be blind, and in horrible pain. It will be quite amusing for my men. Mademoiselle, too, shall be there to see, and the little children also."

There was a silence in the office.

"Now you will be taken away," the German said. "I shall send for you when my men are ready to begin." He leaned forward. "I will tell you what we want to know, so that you may know what to say even though you be blind and deaf. We know you are a spy, wandering through the country in disguise and with this woman and these children as a cover."

"We know you have been operating with Charenton—you need not tell us about that. We know that either you or Charenton sent information to the English of the Wehrer's visit to the ships in Brest, and that you caused the raid."

He paused. "But what we do not know, and what this afternoon you shall tell us, is how the message was passed through to England, to that Major Cochrane—his lips sneered—"that died in 1924, according to your story. That is what you are going to tell, Mister Englishman. And as soon as it is told, the pain will stop. Remember that."

He motioned to the Feldwebel. "Take them away."

They were thrust out of the room. Focquet was taken from them and hustled off on his own. Howard

and Nicole were bundled into a downstairs prison room with a heavily-barred window and left alone.

Pierre said in French, "Are we going to have our dinner here, mademoiselle?"

Ronnie said, "What are we going to have for dinner?"

Howard put an arm around his shoulder. "I don't know," she said mechanically. "We'll see when we get it. Now you run off and play with Rose. I want to talk to Monsieur Howard."

She turned to Howard. "This is very bad," she said. "We are involved in something terrible."

He nodded. "It seems to be that air raid that they had on Brest. The one that you were in."

At noon an orderly brought them an open metal pan with a meal of meat and vegetables piled on it, and several bowls. They set the children down to that; they went at it with gusto. Nicole ate a little, but the old man ate practically nothing.

The orderly removed the tray and they waited again. At three o'clock the door was flung open, and the Feldwebel was there with a guard.

"Le vieux," he said. "Marchez." Howard stepped forward and Nicole followed him. The guard pushed her back.

The old man stopped. "One moment," he said. He took her hand and kissed her on the forehead. "There, my dear," he said. "Don't worry about me."

They hustled him away out of that building and out into the square. He was taken into another house, and thrust into a room on the ground floor. The door was shut and locked behind him. He looked around.

He was in a sitting-room, a middle-class room furnished in the French style with uncomfortable, gilded chairs and ornaments. There was a table in the middle of the room, covered with a cloth.

At this table a young man was sitting, a dark-haired, pale-faced young man in civilian clothes, well under thirty. He glanced up at Howard came into the room.

"Who are you?" he asked in French. He spoke idly, almost as

Animal Antics



"They've been influenced by seeing the movies!"

If the matter was of no great moment.

The old man stood by the door, inwardly beating down his fears. This was something strange and dangerous.

"I am an Englishman," he said at last. There was no point any longer in concealment. "I was arrested yesterday."

The young man smiled without mirth. This time he spoke in English, without any trace of accent. "Well," he said, "you'd better come and sit down. There's a pair of us. I'm English, too. Naturalised."

"But what are you doing here?" The young man said. "I'm waiting to be shot."

There was a stunned, horrible pause. At last Howard said: "Is your name Charenton?"

The young man nodded: "Yes," he said, "I'm Charenton. I see they told you about me."

There was a long silence in the little room. Howard sat dumb, not knowing what to say. In his embarrassment his eyes fell upon the table, upon the young man's hands.

Sitting with his hands before him on the table, Charenton had formed his fingers in a peculiar grip. The fingers interlaced, the left-hand palm up and the right-hand palm down. The thumbs were crossed. As soon as he observed the old man's scrutiny he glanced at him sharply, then undid the grasp. He sighed a little.

"How did you come to be here?" he asked.

Howard said: "I was trying to get back to England with a few children." He rambled into his story. The young man listened to him quietly, appraising him with keen, curious eyes.

In the end he said, "I don't believe that you've got much to worry about. They'll probably let you live at liberty in some French town."

Howard said, "I'm afraid they won't do that. You see, they think that I'm mixed up with you."

The young man nodded. "That's why they've put us together. They're looking for scapegoats, are they?" Howard said, "I am afraid they are."

The young man got up and walked over to the window. "You'll be all right," he said at last. "They've got no evidence against you—they can't have. Sooner or later you'll get back to England."

There was a tinge of sadness in his voice.

Howard said, "What about you?"

Charenton said, "Me? I'm for the high jump. They got the goods on me all right."

It seemed incredible to Howard. It was as if he had been listening to a play.

"We both seem to be in difficulties," he said at last. "You're more serious than mine; I don't know." He sighed. Presently he said, "If I should get out of this and you should not, is there anything I can do? Any message you would like me to take?"

Charenton smiled ironically. "No messages," he said definitely. "If there were, I would not give them to you. There is almost certainly a microphone in this room, and Diessen listening to every word we say. That is why they have put us here together." He glanced around. "It's probably behind one of those oil paintings."

Please turn to page 19

Stars help Australia's Austerity Loan

CABLED from VIOLA MACDONALD in HOLLYWOOD

THE list of Hollywood stars who have taken part in films destined to help Australia's Austerity Loan include Bob Hope, Bette Davis, Abbott and Costello, Paulette Goddard, Dorothy Lamour, Cecil Kellaway, Ann Sheridan, and Greer Garson.

Paulette and Kellaway, together, appear in one short, which shows Kellaway chatting to an American sailor and Paulette asking questions.

Bette Davis stayed back at Warner's in her own time (after working all day in "Old Acquaintance") in order to record a film speech to the Australian people. Ann Sheridan is making a similar recording.

(These films, which were obtained for the Austerity Loan Campaign through the Commonwealth Department of Information's Film Division, are expected to be shown in Australian theatres shortly, according to D.O.I. advice.)

JUDY GARLAND's sister, Jimmy Gumm, is now a script girl at Metro.

LYNN BARI has secured her divorce from actors-agent husband, Walter Kane, and has paid him \$2000 commission for securing her new Fox contract!

AS a result of a screen-test with his wife, Joan Crawford, Phil Terry has been given the important role of an Army doctor in Joan's next MGM film, "Nurses of Bataan."

THE stars are enthusiastic over the idea of War Stamp corages—in which the stamps are arranged in floral shapes, and wired for lapel decorations. The girls intend sending these corages to their friends as Christmas gifts.



VOLUNTARY War Stamps sales-girl, Fox star Carole Landis, helps a small Los Angeles customer.

DICK POWELL, now working at Paramount in the musical, "Happy Go Lucky," told me that he is teaching navigation to young fliers as his war-job. Dick had to qualify as a navigator in the days when he owned his own yacht.

ELEANOR POWELL has announced her engagement to Glenn Ford—but nobody is surprised.

BRENDA MARSHALL has learned that her father, Morris Ankersen, who was a plantation owner in the Philippines, is a Jap prisoner in Manila.

A DEFENCE factory story, "Night Shift," will team Ann Sheridan and Humphrey Bogart.

IT is a boy, their second, for the John Farrow, Mrs. Farrow, film star Maureen O'Sullivan, recently returned here from Vancouver.

THE coveted role of Maxim Litvinoff, Russian Ambassador to the United States, in Warner's "Mission to Moscow," has been won by Oscar Homolka.

Film Reviews

★★★ SABOTEUR

(Week's Best Release)
Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings.
(Universal.)

THIS enormously effective melodrama was directed by Alfred Hitchcock—which shows you just what to expect in the way of odd, sinister surprises, and colorful effects.

It is chase stuff all the way for Robert Cummings and Priscilla Lane, who cross America to expose a gang of saboteurs—with the villains hot on their trail all the time.

Hitchcock revels in the bizarre, and "Saboteur" contains lurid minor characters, and many breathless sequences which culminate in the Statue of Liberty itself.

Brilliant as it is, "Saboteur" is so typically Hitchcock that viewers of his former pictures will be inured to his shock-technique.

The chief players are adequate; the supporting players, particularly newcomer Norman Lloyd and Otto Kruger, are splendid.—State; showing.

★★★ LADY IN A JAM

Irene Dunne, Patric Knowles.
(Universal.)

HERE is one of those fluffy, faintly silly comedies which seem brighter these days than they used to—because the laughter they inspire is both escapist and easy.

Irene Dunne forgoes all dignity to play a bird-brained heiress who squanders her fortune. Patric Knowles is a psychiatrist who takes on her case—but disguises himself as her chauffeur first.

A trip out west, and the opening of an old gold mine are used to help along Irene's fortunes, and Patric's puzzled romance. There is good acting support from Ralph Bellamy and Eugene Pallette.—Lyceum; showing.

★★★ PARIS CALLING

Elisabeth Bergner, Randolph Scott.
(Universal.)

THIS spy thriller of wartime France just after the Germans occupied Paris makes exciting drama.

The film centres on the activity of

the French loyalists working against the Gestapo and in league with Britain.

Elisabeth Bergner plays a wealthy Frenchwoman who serves her country in the underground secret service. Her romance with a Texas pilot, Randolph Scott, is kept strictly subordinate to the main plot.

Hasil Rathbone, as the French politician on the side of the Nazis, Edouard Clannell, a bartender in the waterfront cafe, and Gale Sondergaard, as the proprietress of this cafe, all give competent portrayals.—Victory; showing.

★ TRUE TO THE ARMY

Judy Canova, Allan Jones. (Paramount.)

THIS is hillbilly Judy Canova's first film for Paramount—but neither the comedy nor the singing has particular merit.

The film offers broad slapstick in its tale of the Ozarkian comedienne who masquerades as a soldier in an army camp to escape from a gang of racketeers.

Rolling-eyed Jerry Colonna is her friend who helps her escape. And there's minor romance between Ann Miller (adding tap dances which are highlights of the film) and singing Allan Jones.

The finale is the inevitable camp show.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ A-HAUNTING WE WILL GO

Laurel and Hardy. (Fox.)

DANTE, the magician, appears in the second half of this farce. But by the time his effective illusions are shown, the audience has lost a lot of its interest. For Laurel and Hardy have no new tricks, and win no new laughs.

They play a dumb pair who get mixed up with a notorious convict, and so with Dante, all through a casket, which turns out to be the property of the magician.

It's a pity that Laurel and Hardy

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

cannot find a new ideas-man. Their stuff is far too well-known.—Plaza; showing.

JACKASS MAIL

Wallace Beery. (MGM.)

ONCE again Wallace Beery lumbers through an uncouth comedy role, with big passages of sentimentality on the side. In fact, this Western is highly reminiscent of Beery's old film, "The Champ". Once more, he is the protector of a small boy (this time Darryl Hickman); once more, Beery's roguesy disillusions the youngster.

Marjorie Main is present for vinegary relief, and for a threesome (to use no harsher word) romance with Beery. The film does nothing for the players—or the audience.—Cameo and Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Mrs. Miniver. Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon in magnificent drama.—Liberty; 11th week.

★★★ To Be or Not to Be. Carole Lombard, Jack Benny in hilarious spy comedy.—Century; 3rd week.

★★★ The Gold Rush. Re-issue of Chaplin's classic comedy. Mayfair; 2nd week.

★★ Ladies in Retirement. Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward in sombre murder drama. Embassy; 3rd week.

★★ The Courtship of Andy Hardy. One of the best of the series, with Mickey Rooney, Donna Reed. St. James; 3rd week.

★★ Blood and Sand. Tyrone Power, Rita Hayworth in sumptuous technicolor version of bullfight adventure. Regent; 2nd week.

H

HE raised his voice and said, speaking in German, "You are wasting your time, Major Diessen. This man knows nothing about my affairs."

He paused, and then continued, "But I will tell you this. One day the English and Americans will come, and you will be in their power. They will not be gentle as they were after the last war. If you kill this old man you will be hanged in public on a gallows, and your body will stay there rotting as a warning to all other murderers."

He turned to Howard. "That ought to fetch him," he said placidly, speaking in English.

The old man was troubled. "I am sorry that you spoke like that," he said. "It will not do you any good with him."

"Nor will anything else," the young man said. "I'm very nearly through."

Behind the door opened. They swung round; there was a German Gefreiter there with a private. The private marched into the room and stood by Howard. The Gefreiter said roughly, "Kommen Sie!"

Charenton smiled as Howard got up. "I told you so," he said. "Good-bye. All the best of luck."

"Good-bye," said the old man. He was hustled out of the room before he had time to say more. As he passed down the corridor to the street he saw through an open door the black-uniformed Gestapo officer, his face dark with anger. With a sick heart Howard walked out into the sunlit square between his guards.

They took him back to Nicole and the children; Bonnie rushed up to him. "Marjan has been showing us how to stand on our heads," he said excitedly. "I can do it and so can Pierre. Willem can't, and none of the girls. Look, Mr. Howard. Just look!"

In a welter of children standing on their heads Nicole looked anxiously at him. "They did nothing?" she inquired.

The old man shook his head. "They used me to try to make a young man

called Charenton talk," he said. He told her briefly what had happened.

"That is their way," she said. "I have heard of that in Chartres. To gain their end through pain they do not work upon the body. They work upon the mind."

At last the German orderly brought them another meal, a supper of bitter coffee and long lengths of bread. When he came back for the supper things he brought them straw-filled mattresses, with a rough pillow and one blanket each.

Howard slept fairly well that night, the girl not so well. Very early in the morning, the door of their prison opened with a clatter. The Gefreiter was there, fully dressed and equipped with bayonet at his belt and steel helmet on his head.

He shook Howard by the shoulder. "Auf!" he said.

Nicole raised herself on one arm, a little frightened. "Do they want me?" she asked in French. The man shook his head.

Howard turned to her in the dim light. "This will be another of their inquiries," he said. "Don't worry. I shall be back before long."

In the cold dawn they took him out into the square, and along to the big house with the swastika flag, opposite the church, where they had first been interrogated. He was not taken to the same room, but to an upstairs room at the back.

The black-uniformed Gestapo officer, Major Diessen, was standing by the window. "So," he said, "we have the Englishman again."

Howard was silent.

"Come," said the German at the window. "Look out. Nice garden, is it not?"

The old man approached the window. There was a garden there, entirely surrounded by high, old, red brick walls.

"Yes," he said quietly. "It is a nice garden." Instinctively he felt the presence of some trap.

The German said, "Unless you help him, in a few minutes your friend Mr. Charenton will die in it. He is to be shot as a spy."

The Pied Piper

Continued from page 18

The old man stared at him. "I don't know what is in your mind that you have brought me here," he said. "I met Charenton for the first time yesterday, when you put us together. He is a very brave young man, and a good one. If you are going to shoot him, you are doing a bad thing. A man like that should be allowed to live, to work for the world when this war is all over."

"A very nice speech," the German said. "I agree with you; he should be allowed to live. He shall live, if you help him. He shall be a prisoner to the end of the war, which will not be long now. Six months at the most. Then he will be free."

He turned to the window. "Look," he said. "They are bringing him out."

The old man turned and looked. Down the garden path a little cordon of six German soldiers armed with rifles were escorting Charenton. They were under the command of a Feldwebel; an officer walked behind Charenton walked slowly, his hands in his trousers pockets. He did not seem to be pinioned in any way, nor did he seem to be particularly distressed.

The German leaned toward the old man.

"Listen," he said softly. "It is a very little thing that will not injure either of you. Nor will it make any difference to the war, because your country now is doomed. If you will tell me how he got the information out of France and back to England, to your Major Cochrane, I will stop this execution."

The old man stared at him. "I cannot tell you," he replied. "Quite truthfully, I do not know. I have not been concerned in his affairs at all."

Diessen turned to the window again. "You have not got very much time," he said. "A minute or two, not more. Think again before it is too late."

To be concluded



They're all in...

"OVER HERE"

The War-time Glamour Show

★ ★ 2GB ★ ★

EVERY FRIDAY 9 to 10 p.m.





FAMILY GROUP. Lady Cross, wife of British High Commissioner Sir Ronald Cross, photographed in Melbourne with her two daughters, Susanna Carolyn and baby Karina Mary.



TURRAMURRA FETE. General Sir Walter McNicoll talks to Mrs. Jim Malesworth at fete at Ball Green, Turramurra, for Prisoner of War Fund. Mrs. Doug Murray, Younger Set president, is seen in the background.



UNITED NATIONS FAIR. In Norwegian costume which they will wear as helpers at the United Nations Fair at the Town Hall on December 21, 22, 23, and 24, for the R.A.A.F. Central Area Comforts Fund, are Mrs. L. Rasmussen, Miss Margit Halsevorn, and Mrs. J. Madland.

On and off Duty

MAIL from India to Mrs. I. H. Hunt, of Rose Bay, brings her news and photos of her daughter Jean, now Mrs. John Riddell Halstead, of Kohat, India.

Photo shows Jean and her husband, who is now a captain with the Indian Army. In cheery Army party at the Nerubudda Club, Jubbulpore.

Jean also sends magazine in which I find picture of Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Vock, of Bombay, and baby son Christopher. Mrs. Vock will be remembered as Jean Hollis, of Sydney.



COUNTRY BRIDE. Sergeant Bill McLaughlin, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly June Watson, of Goulburn, after their wedding at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street. Attendees are Sergeant Ron Cooman, A. I. F., and Lorna Richards.

MANY members of the bridegroom's A.I.F. unit attend the wedding at St. Stephen's of Gunner T. C. James and Margaret Cecilia Johnson.

Bride's only attendant is Marjorie Gossard. Bridegroom, who is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. James, of Arncliffe, is attended by the bride's brother, Lieut. K. O. Johnson, A.I.F. Bride, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Johnson, of Coogee, was formerly a nurse at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

SERVICEMEN on leave contribute to programme at the Roland Foster Operatic and Choral Concert at the Conservatorium for Red Cross Headquarters Fund. Driver Edward Cochman, of Motor Transport Unit (violinist), Pte. Richard Perry (flautist), and baritone Bruce Cotterill, on leave from R.A.A.F., some of the names I see on the programme.



IN BRISBANE. Mrs. Bruce Walker (formerly Yvonne du Boise, of Sydney) and her husband, Lieutenant Walker, A.I.F., photographed in Brisbane while Bruce is on several days' leave.



WEDDING IN SCOTLAND. Lieutenant Henry Marcus Bolton, R.N.V.R., and his bride leaving St. Leonard's Church in Ayr, Scotland, after their wedding, recently. Bride, who was formerly Gwen Shepherd, of Sydney, travelled to England for her wedding.



CHRISTMAS PREPARATIONS. Joan Kidd and Peggy Allen in uniform of Wartime Auxiliary making Christmas cakes for Open House at the Y.W.C.A. Each girl made three 10lb. cakes from prize recipe.



RED CROSS SILVER SALE. Miss Barbara Knox bids, Lady Gordon has a cigarette, Mrs. Neville Harding and Mrs. Victor White confer, and Mrs. J. L. Ruthven watches intently at the Red Cross Silver Sale at Lawson's.

Heard Around TOWN

PEOPLE are talking about . . . Christmas and Austereity . . . and how the old family Christmas will come into its own this year with simplicity as keynote of Yuletide celebrations.

ABOUT Christmas parties arranged for the kiddies, and rapturous reception of Santa . . . About A.I.F. Women's Club party for children of A.I.F. men at Y.W.C.A. this Friday . . . The charm of club president Lady Morshead . . . The party arranged by 27th Armored Regiment Women's Auxiliary for children of members of regiment to take place at Major Tony Shepherd's home in Double Bay on December 19 . . . Besides usual games, kiddies will be able to swim as home is on beach.

ABOUT the "adoption" of whole ward at 113th G.H. by Metropolitan Air Force Younger Set, and the wonderful flowers the girls send out twice a week to the patients . . . and of Sunday visits to the ward by members of the committee . . . About the after-work meetings at the office of secretary Peggy Mitchell during past weeks when committee members, mostly working girls, packed Christmas parcels for the R.A.A.F. Squadron they have also "adopted" . . .

ABOUT the final prize-giving day at Hopwood House last week, when Miss Johnson announced authorities had taken over lovely old school building . . . Miss Johnson now taking well-earned rest from long teaching career in new flat at Anerley, Darling Point . . .

ABOUT the New Order, new jobs, new uniforms . . . How busy all our young things are . . . And about the five-minutes-to-two exodus from restaurant lunches to be back at wartime office jobs . . . Of utility truck driven by genial American Mr. Maurice Samuels instead of pre-war limousine . . . Giving his blue-aproned attractive wife a lift into daily job at American Centre.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS *you can make yourself*

• Multi-colored velvet ribbons plaited together with a knot and tassel of the velvet at either end make an effective highlight for a plain, dark frock. Tiny gold safety-pins fasten it under knots.

• Dainty collars are an ideal gift, and you can make them from odd scraps. The large collar is made from a left-over piece of linen, embroidered in emerald. The tiny collar and cuff set is done in fine linen, margined with gay rick-rack braid.

• Enchanting bag and belt set for festive occasions. They are made from bright velvet, and the belt ties on with black velvet ribbon. The flap-bag slips over your arm and both accessories are garnished with glistening black sequins.

• Effective patch-work scarf made of multi-colored silks with fringed ends. This is another ultra-attractive accessory that can be made with pieces from your scrap-basket.

• A charmingly slipper gift — and so easy to make. Give it to a friend who entertains a lot — it will look adorable over a dark frock.

• Here is a bright way to make gay gifts from tiny scraps of material. Daintily turn them into tiny Peter-Pan collars and hand-worked in bright coin-spots.

• If you are a camouflage-netter, then making a mere string-bag will take you practically no time. Give your favorite friend a trio done in her favorite colors. So smart to have that inevitable string-bag matching up with one's frock.

• A glamorous present for someone who wears lots of plain black dresses. This necktie is made with strands of black wool, knotted at intervals and caught at the back with a fastener. Bright china beads are sewn at random all over it.



FASHION ... and the war worker



THE LASS on the left wears a quick-to-put-on one-piece suit in striped seersucker. The Bellaville goat seems to prefer the coverall apron that is worn with a hectic checked gingham blouse.



THIS IS HOW the well-dressed farm girl should look when she takes a tractor out into the field. The jumper slacksuit is made of sturdy string-colored cotton and pepped up with a vivid striped shirt.

Briskly tailored styles mix charm with utility

By PEG MCCARTNEY

FOR years, the woman who does hard, active work has been the forgotten woman of the fashion page.

Plenty of attention has been given to work clothes for the "white collar" girl, but the woman who helps on the farm or works in the munitions factory has had little chance of looking smart. Her outfit has usually been an inexpensive house-frock or a pair of men's overalls. Practical perhaps—but certainly not attractive.

I have just received from America photos showing an exciting new series of designs for clothes fashioned specially for the women who are doing very active war work—the kind of work for which ordinary dresses are unsuitable.

These new work clothes are trim and sensible—but flattering, too. They are styled on functional lines, for the designers have studied a particular job—then worked out a practical outfit for that job.

Though they have an air of being tailored within an inch of their lives, they are blissfully comfortable and allow room for free and easy action. If the outfit has been designed for factory work the silhouette has been pared down to a minimum to avoid risk of catching in dangerous machinery.

Up-to-the-minute work clothes have many requirements. They must be cool and easy to launder and made of a serviceable cotton that wears like iron. They must provide plenty of freedom for action, and they must be attractive.

Smart young farmers

LOOK at the lasses photographed on this page—each one is ready to do an important job, yet their togs look the sort of things you might have selected in pre-war days if you were spending a holiday on the farm.

Even though you are doing a man-sized job, don't forsake your femininity. If you are wearing a sturdy overall, kindle it with a hectic plaid blouse. Fitch color notions from the vegetables you tend, and on the hottest day look immaculately cool in a spinach-green jumper slacksuit and a pumpkin-yellow blouse.

Introduce to the farm color schemes so dazzling that the animals will literally blink! Color is a grand morale-lifter, so don't always wear those dreary browns and navy-blues because you imagine they are practical.

That is a snare and a delusion. Actually they acquire a world-weary, deflected air far more quickly than bright colors.

These women land-workers are introducing a fine new breed of clothes—tough as iron, ultra-efficient, yet with a tailored charm and challenging gaiety about them to prove that at all times fashion, like the women it clothes, can be a staunch ally.



PRACTICAL FIELD SUIT with zippers fastening the legs of the suit round the ankles. Long sleeves can be buttoned on when protection against sunburn is necessary. Washable hat goes with the suit.

*Straight from
the Rubbish Tin
to Baby*



You are meticulous in your care for baby's personal hygiene... but what of flies and mosquitoes? They are not only a nuisance but a positive danger, coming straight from filthy, polluted places to bite and deposit their thousands of germs on such defenceless little nites, well then...

*It is up to you to destroy
those flies and mosquitoes!*

**KILL THEM WITH
SHELLTOX**

DEATH TO EVERY PEST

THE SHELL COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED
(Incorporated in England)

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A SCIENTIST OF HIGH DEGREE
PAUL SLAVED IN HIS LABORATORY



AND SIGNED FOR SWEET AND LOVELY LIL
(WITH LAB-STAINED HANDS
HIS CHANCE WAS NIL)



'TILL SOLVOL THROUGH
THE POST SHE SENT:
DEAR PAUL, TRY THIS EXPERIMENT!



AND THUS THE MAN OF SCIENCE CAME
TO KNOW OF LOVE AS WELL AS FAME!

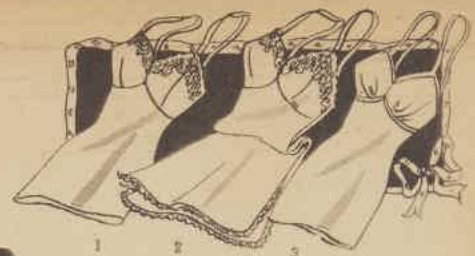
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TODAY
NEED -**



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AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue, a 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns sent one month, 3d. extra.

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Box 405P, G.P.O., Brisbane; Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle;
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F3197. Attractive dressmaker suit, with smartly-cut jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4 yds. and 1 yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

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F108. Gay little pinafore for young things, 2 to 6 years. Requires 1½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/4.

F3009. Trim new 'jama suit that is pretty and practical. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/10.

PLEASE NOTE.—To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children's sizes use of 2½ yds. * The box numbers given on concession coupons.

Fashion Frock Service

"GLEN"—a dainty frock in eyelet linene

"GLEN" is an engaging summer style, made in cool eyelet linene, and it emerges from the washbasin looking as fresh as paint. It is available either ready to wear or cut out ready to make yourself, and the lovely, summery colors are lemon, blue, grey, pink, green, and white. The gathered skirt and wide waistband are important fashion notes.

SIZES 32, 34, 36-inch bust; ready to wear, 29/11 (12 cpts.); cut out only, 29/11 (12 cpts.).

SIZES 38, and 40-inch bust; ready to wear, 42/11 (12 cpts.); cut out only, 38/11 (12 cpts.). Postage, 1/9s. extra.

How to obtain "GLEN." In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3406, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given at top right. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.



F3009



Needlework Notions

F302

PRETTY DUCHESSE SET

THIS dainty set is available clearly traced on lemon green, pink and blue organdie. Buttonhole and stem-stitch are used for the embroidery, and the design is worked in delicate pastels.

Complete set of centre and two small mats, 3/6; centre, 2/6; small mats, 1/- each. Postage 6½d.

TAILORED BLOUSE

THIS trim little blouse is designed in white, magnolia, salmon, and blue satin. Give it additional chic by accenting the quaint double pocket with your own initials. We do not stamp the initials on the tracing, but you can easily do them yourself with a heavy pencil.

Sizes 32, 34-inch bust, 15/11 (6 cpts.); 36, 38-inch bust, 17/11 (6 cpts.). Postage, 1/6s.



F303

DIMITY CORD FROCK

SMALL girls will love this dimity cord frock which is obtainable clearly traced ready for making. The floral design is in orange, red, blue, and pink on a white ground, and it's garnished with cool touches of white.

Sizes 6 to 8 years, 7/11 (10 cpts.); 8 to 10 years, 9/6 (10 cpts.). Postage, 9½d.



F304

It's the fashion...

TO BE A SUBSCRIBER TO THE £100,000,000 AUSTERITY WAR LOAN



- to carry your own shopping basket or string bag to save petrol.
- to wear sensible shoes to help you take each day in your stride.
- to keep good clothes for special events, like 'his' leave.
- to dress in simple clothes that bring out your natural charm.
- to make undies from your disused frocks and eveningwear.
- to wear colour contrast frocks for brightness.
- to buff your nails or wear pale varnish.
- to wear your clothes a little shorter.
- to replace luxury with simplicity.
- to keep your hair short and neat.
- to make up your face *au naturel*.
- to wear neatly mended stockings.
- to use lipstick sparingly.



When in spite of all your thrift and infinite care new clothes must be bought, be sure to invest in a frock with a future, serviceable, practical and long wearing... a "Spectator" for instance! You'll understand, of course, there can't be the usual wide selection, however the Lucas quality remains unchanged.

First choice of the coupon wise:

Short sleeves - - - 12 coupons
Long sleeves - - - 13 coupons

Spectator

sportswear

CREATED BY LUCAS

floraloc

Clean cut "no nonsense" prints that wash without a worry. From 59/11

EVERLOC

In colourful checks and stripes as spirit-lifting as a victory headline. 49/11

SHARKTEX

Crisp, simple, in half a dozen bright and pastel shades. From 37/11

Also Spectator Junior in fresh, eager styles for all ages.

Lift your spirits with a pretty hat . . .

If you are clever with your fingers make one of these be-guiling models for yourself.



• Dark green corduroy top hat designed by Erik and highlighted with golden-yellow ostrich feathers around the pert, upturned brim.



• Victorian - inspired bonnet in dusty-blue tulle ribbon with mauve roses and velvet ribbon tucked beneath the brim and wreathed in matching veiling.



• Sassy little sailor interpreted in mauve, blue, and pink plaid taffeta that might have been salvaged from last year's evening blouse.



A Case for Steedman's

Baby cuts teeth easily when habits are kept regular and the bloodstream cool by using Steedman's Powders. For over 100 years mothers have relied upon them—the safe aperient up to 14 years.

Give
**STEEDMAN'S
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John Steedman & Co., Woburn Rd., London, Eng.

**'NUGGET'
WHITE
is RIGHT**



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For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send this stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to
DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE
771-9 Collins St., Melb., C.I. FREE

The Australian Women's Weekly — December 12, 1942



• Erik brings unexpected glamor to a minute gold bell pillbox by wreathing it in brown veiling that is draped softly across the throat and ties in a whopping bow under the left ear.



• Flirtatious Dolly Varden hat in natural straw braid garnished with pale pink moss roses and mist-blue satin ribbon. A matching spray is worn on the tailored black frock.



Still our pride

Total war makes heavy demands on all of us.

Yet though we work hard we must guard against personal neglect. We must be content with little; yet still it is our pride to look our best. So count your blessings when you use your lovely Yardley things; cherish them for the treasures they are. And remember: the way you look at life will decide how life will look at you.

Put your best face forward—

Yardley

VM3-42



"TIME to make your Christmas pudding," says Santa, and when you are doing your cooking for the festive season you will want to try some of the delectable recipes on this page.

KITCHEN CUTOUTS

Basic Recipe No. 22

BISCUITS

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg or 2 egg-yolks, vanilla.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt three times. Cream butter and sugar well, and beat in the egg. Add the flavoring, then the sifted flour.

Roll thinly and cut into fancy shapes. Bake in the top half of a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool on trays.

When cold, join together with cream fillings, orange, vanilla, chocolate, or coffee.

Variations:

Foam Wafers: Spread a thin layer of biscuit mixture made with egg-yolks over a Swiss roll tin. Make a meringue from the whites and 2 tablespoons brown sugar.

Cover the biscuit mixture and sprinkle with nuts. Bake in moderate oven for 30 to 35 minutes. Mark into finger-lengths while hot and leave in tin to cool.

Raisin Drop Cookies: Add 1 teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind and 4oz. chopped raisins. Cook in teaspoonfuls on greased tray.

Date or Fruit Slices: Place one-half of biscuit mixture on oven tray, spread with a filling of cooked dates and lemon juice or mixed fruit, and cover with other half.

Glaze with milk and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Bake at 350 deg. F. for 30 to 35 minutes. Cut into slices.

Coffee Stars: Add 2 dessert-spoons coffee essence. Force mixture through a star forcing tube. Bake in a moderate oven for about 10 minutes. When cold, join together with coffee vienna icing.

Cinnamon Sugar Balls: Add 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Roll into small balls, dip in egg-white, and then in sugar. Cook in moderate oven for about 10 minutes.

Overnight Nittles: Use brown sugar instead of white. Add 1 cup chopped nuts and mould into rolls. Wrap in wax paper and leave to set in refrigerator. When cooking, cut in slices and bake 10 to 15 minutes in moderate oven.

Christmas Bells: Cut a cardboard shape of a Christmas bell or other Christmas motif. Roll paste out thinly and cut to chosen shape. Glaze with egg-white and cook. Glaze again and finish off by sprinkling with colored sugar.

Stuffed Monkeys: Roll paste out thinly, cut into equal numbers of full rounds and rounds in which a central hole has been cut. Cook these. When cold put together with a butter cream filling to which chopped, toasted nuts have been added. Fill the hole with half a walnut.

Apricot Cream Biscuits: Cut the thinly-rolled paste into small rounds. Glaze, and bake these. When cold put together with a little apricot pulp mixed with creamed butter and icing sugar.

Fantasies: Divide the paste into three, making one third slightly larger. Leave this third plain. Color the other two, making one chocolate and one pink, by the addition of cocoa and cochineal. Shape the chocolate and pink portions into long rolls, wrap in greaseproof paper and chill in the refrigerator. Cut rolls in halves and form a large roll of 4 strips of alternate chocolate and pink. Roll out the plain paste thinly and cover the colored with this. Chill. Cut across in thin slices and bake.

Recipes with a Christmas flavor

● The war is making us more food conscious and altering our food habits. If you have new recipes or have altered old favorites to suit the times share them with others. This page offers weekly cash prizes to readers for interesting and inexpensive recipes.

THE mail this week has reminded me that Christmas is not far off. The yeast recipe that wins first prize would be fun to make and give a new and inexpensive line to Christmas catering.

Mrs. Tasny suggests two variations of the basic yeast mixture, but the imagination plus a little experience can produce a dozen more from nuts and spices and fruits in season. Try spreading it with lemon cheese, rolling, glazing, and sprinkling with nuts.

The pineapple mince-meat is another one for our test.

Apples and gooseberries have been popular additions in the past. Little open mince tarts topped with an airy meringue are mouth-melting.

The three-way Christmas mixture will be of great help to the less experienced.

These basic recipes are a joy to a busy kitchen routine.

The Drover's Christmas Goose is savory fare. Serve it piping hot with rich brown gravy or cold with salad.

Scotch readers will check the authenticity of Scott's Christmas Bun, but it's like good Glasgow cake to me. The economical fruit cake could be cooked in a baking dish or a 10-inch tin, or, if for sending away, in the half-pound lidded tins. Line the tin well and remember a fruit cake cannot be cooked too slowly.

CHRISTMAS YEAST MIXTURE

Seven ounces butter, 7oz. sugar, 3 yolks, 1 1/2 cups of milk, 2lb. flour (sifted), 1oz. compressed yeast, 1 teaspoon salt.

Cream butter, beat in sugar and yolks. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in a cup of warm milk 10 minutes ahead. Wait another 5 minutes before adding flour and salt. Knead well. Put mixture into a warm spot for about 2 hours, to allow to rise. Cover well; it should not dry on top. After it has risen use cake mixture in different forms.

CHRISTMAS BREAD

Add 1lb. mixed dried fruit, work well into pastry. Then roll pastry out into two rolls—one should be about half a yard long, other half length. Braid them like a pig-tail, brush with beaten egg, and sprinkle with nuts or almonds. Allow to rise again to double its bulk. Bake 30-40 minutes in a hot oven.

CHRISTMAS ROLL

Roll pastry into a thin sheet and spread it with (a) apple stuffing (peel and stew apples with sugar, butter, and lemon rind to taste); (b) mix plum jam and chopped nuts in equal quantities, add a dessert-spoonful of creamed butter and lemon juice. When stuffing is applied, roll pastry like a Swiss roll, brush with beaten egg, allow to rise to double its bulk, bake 30-40 minutes in a hot oven. When cool, slice and sprinkle with icing sugar, if liked.

First Prize of £1 to Ann K. Tasny, 79 Wallis Ave., Stn. Strathfield, N.S.W.

CHRISTMAS PINEAPPLE MINCE-MEAT

Quarter pound raisins, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. dates, 1 small tin pineapple cubes, 1lb. mixed peel, 1lb. finely-chopped suet, 1lb. sweet apples, 1lb. currants, grated nutmeg, ginger to taste, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 wineglass rum.

Chop finely raisins, sultanas, dates, pineapple, peel, and suet. Bake apples till soft, remove skin, and add other ingredients. Mix thoroughly. Pour rum over and add enough pineapple syrup to make mixture fairly moist and press into jars. Cover well and keep in cool place.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Phyllis Deane, c/o P.O. Southport, Qld.

THREE-WAY CHRISTMAS MIXTURE

One pound butter or margarine, 1lb. sugar, 8 beaten eggs, 1lb. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, and beat well. Stir in flour and baking powder, sifted together. Divide into 3 equal parts.

First: Add essence and bake as plain cake for kiddies, ice, and decorate.

Second: Add 1lb. raisins, 1lb. currants, 1lb. chopped peel, 2oz. chopped nuts. Bake, cover with almond icing, and crystallised cherries and essence, decorate.

Third: Add 1lb. plain flour, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. dates, and 2oz. chopped lemon peel. Steam or boil and serve with spice sauce as a pudding.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Cooley, Westville, N.S.W.

DROVER'S CHRISTMAS GOOSE

Wash, dry, and cut into slices 1lb. liver, rub slices in a mixture of flour, salt, and pepper. Cut 4 half-boiled onions into slices and mix with 1 cup of fine breadcrumbs and 1 teaspoon powdered sage. Put alternate layers of the liver and savory mixture into a greased fire-proof dish, add 1 pint stock or water and small pieces of dripping on top. Bake 1 1/2 hours in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Dulcie Hamilton, 2 Richmond Rd., Homebush West, N.S.W.

ECONOMICAL FRUIT CAKE

Half pound butter, 1lb. margarine, 1lb. brown (or white) sugar, 8 eggs, 1lb. currants, 1lb. sultanas, 2 1/2oz. pkts. mixed fruits, 1lb. dates, 3oz. cherries, 4oz. almonds, 2 table-spoons marmalade, 1 table-spoon spirits, 2 oranges, 1lb. plain flour, 1lb. self-raising flour.

Prepare fruit, chop dates and cherries. Blanch almonds, cut into four lengthwise, and place in a basin with marmalade, spirits, and juice of one orange (if small, use 2). Cream butter and margarine, add sugar, and beat well. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time. Sift two flours together and add to mixture, then add fruit and almonds. Place in a large prepared tin and cook in slow oven 3 1/2 to 4 hours. Turn out when cooked and allow to remain in oven till cool.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Dorot'y Deall, 16 Woonona Rd., Northbridge, N.S.W.

ORANGE PICKLE

Six oranges, 3 cups white sugar, 2 cups white vinegar, and 1 teaspoon each of cloves, cinnamon, lemon rind, mace, all tied in a muslin bag.

Peel oranges, cut into thick slices, remove pith and pips, and steam in a double saucepan till clear and tender. Boil sugar, vinegar, and spices for 1 hour, take out muslin bag, add fruit, and simmer very gently for 1 hour. Bottle in usual way. Delicious with cheese.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. C. Smithers, 2 Hilltop, 224 Cleverly Rd., Randwick, N.S.W.

RHUBARB AND BANANA PIE

One pound rhubarb, 3oz. sugar, 4 bananas, grated rind 1 lemon, 1 egg-white, 3oz. almonds, 2 tablespoons castor sugar.

Wash rhubarb, cut into small lengths, put into a pie-dish, sprinkle with lemon rind and sugar. Peel bananas, crush and beat to a pulp with castor sugar, and, when soft, beat in egg-white. Continue beating until quite stiff. Spread on top of rhubarb to form a crust, sprinkle top with blanched and shredded almonds, and bake in a moderate oven for 25 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss O. Jones, 63 Silver St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

SCOT'S CHRISTMAS BUN

Take 1 1/2 breakfasts of flour and rub into it 1lb. of butter or dripping, and 1/2 teaspoonful baking powder. Mix to a firm paste with water, roll out to a thin sheet. Grease cake tin and line neatly with pastry (keep a piece to cover top of bun). Now mix in a basin 1lb. flour, 1lb. sugar, 2lb. raisins, 2lb. currants, 1lb. orange peel, 1lb. almonds, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon black pepper, 1 small teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon lemon juice (or preferably cream of tartar), and a cup of milk to moisten it all. Mix together thoroughly and then place in lined cake tin. Make flat on top and wet edges round. Place on lid of pastry and prick with a fork. Brush with a little egg and cook for three hours. This bun improves with keeping and is a really delicious substitute for Christmas cake.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Cameron, 11 Morris St., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

CHRISTMAS SHORTBREAD

Eight ounces arrowroot, 4oz. plain flour, 6oz. butter, 1oz. crushed almonds, 4oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 4oz. dried milk.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs gradually. Knead in sifted dried ingredients. Roll thin, in thickness and cut into rounds or squares. Bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven. When cold, finish with a dab of warm icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. J. Sholtz, No. 4 Windsor Flats, Corralal St., Wollongong, N.S.W.

CHERRY PIE

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1lb. cherries, 2 tablespoons honey, juice and rind of 1 lemon.

Cook cherries till tender in honey, lemon juice and rind, and a little water. Line tart plate with half the pastry. Place in the stewed cherries. Glaze edges.

Cover with remaining pastry. Glaze, and bake 19 minutes in a hot oven, then reduce heat and cook for further 20.

When cold, cover with a thin lemon glaze of 3 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Yellow coloring; little water if necessary.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Roland, Moons Avenue, Lugarno, N.S.W.

CHERRY LAYER CAKE

Beat 4oz. butter till creamy, add 1 1/2 cups castor sugar and cream well. Add three well-beaten eggs gradually. Fold in 12oz. plain flour, sifted with 3 teaspoons baking powder, and pinch of salt, alternately with 1 cup milk. Add 1 cup quartered maraschino or glace cherries. Place mixture in three greased sandwich tins. Bake in a moderate oven 20-30 minutes. When cool, sandwich with cream filling, and, if liked, ice and decorate with cherries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Meehan, Roseleigh, Trenerry Cres., Abbotsford N9, Vic.

HOW THE WORLD DOES ITS WASH CYPRUS

Conquerors for centuries have swept down on the strategic island of Cyprus. Its women looking up from their washing to-day, may once again see soldiers on the march...

Trampling the washing under-foot, women of Cyprus knead their clothes with bare feet, beating extra dirty garments with a wooden paddle.

Many Cypriots are of Turkish origin and the women wear the trousers! Large, wide garments that take some washing, but dry quickly in the hot Mediterranean sun.



Housework isn't considered a full time job. Women plough, work on roads and in orange groves for a few piastres a day. Washing is just an extra!



Though Australians are also doing a double job these war-time days, at least they have Persil to help! Its oxygen-charged suds coax out dirt without rubbing—a big saving on wear and tear.

THE Christmas spirit was never bought ready-made, wrapped and delivered to the door.

Even in this year of austerity it is possible to give December a traditional sparkle. It will take contriving, imagination, and a sense of fun. Start now to plan Christmas menus that will deck familiar homely foods in party dress.

CHRISTMAS RABBIT

Half gill vinegar, 2 tablespoons salad oil (if available), 1 tablespoon chopped eschalot, a bay leaf, sprig of thyme. One rabbit, two cups breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons chopped fat bacon, 1 tablespoon chopped eschalot, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 egg (may be omitted), rabbit liver, heart, and kidneys, little stock.

Marinate rabbit for half an hour in vinegar, oil, with first eschalot, bay leaf, and thyme. Parboil liver, heart, and kidneys of rabbit; drain them and chop finely. To them add breadcrumbs, bacon, eschalot, parsley, mixed herbs, beaten egg, and a little stock to moisten further if necessary. Stuff rabbit, truss into shape, and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 1 hour, basting several times.

PIQUANT MOCK HAM

One leg of lamb, pumped and salted by butcher, 1 large onion, 2 or 3 cloves, 1 lb. pickled pork, a bouquet of herbs such as parsley, thyme, sage and mint, sprig of rosemary, 2 or 3 slices of lemon, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 dessertspoon butter, browned crumbs.

Trim leg and rub with spices and stand 30 minutes. Place in saucepan, add onion, stuck with cloves, pork, herbs, lemon, and vinegar. Cover with hot water and simmer gently, allowing 25 minutes to each pound. Cool in cooking water. On removal, brush with melted butter and coat with crumbs. If liked stick in pattern form with a few more cloves. Garnish bone tip with paper frill.

BROWNED VEGETABLE CROQUETTES

One cup cooked mashed parsnip, 1 cup cooked sieved carrot, 1 tablespoon chopped ham or bacon, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 beaten egg, browned crumbs.

Combine parsnip, carrot, and ham. Add parsley, flour, and half beaten egg. Season to taste and shape into croquettes. Coat with egg, blended with a teaspoon of water or milk. Coat with crumbs and deep fry or bake in oven. Serve with hot Christmas meats.

NUTTY APRICOT FLAN

Six ounces plain flour, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 eggs, 4oz. dripping or butter, water, 1 lb. apricots, 1 lb. sugar for apricots, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot, 3 tablespoons sugar for meringue, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts.

Sift flour, cornflour, and baking powder. Rub in fat and mix to a dry dough with egg-yolks and a little water. Line a tart plate or flan ring with this pastry. Trim and decorate edges, brush with a little beaten egg-white, and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes or until golden brown and crisp. Halve and stone apricots and stew with sugar and 1 cup water until just tender. Pile apricots in flan case and pour over them syrup which has been thickened with arrowroot. Whip egg-whites and sugar to a stiff meringue. Pile in centre top of apricots. Sprinkle with nuts and cook in a very slow oven until meringue is crisp.

SPICY RAISIN PUDDING

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 tablespoon caramel coloring, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons mixed spice, 8oz. raisins, 1-3rd cup milk.

Cream butter, sugar and orange rind. Add caramel and then gradually beat in eggs. Stir in half sifted flour and milk. Add raisins and then remainder of flour. Two-thirds fill a greased pudding mould, cover, and steam for two hours. Make day of serving. Serve with sweet sauce or rum-flavored whipped cream.

NO GOOSE was ever more tender than the one-legged mock bird pictured above. Plump leg of lamb, seasoned and roast, has the delicate flavor of poultry, but costs less. The Christmas pudding is cheap but luscious, and all complete with Christmas tokens.

CARAMEL GOOSEBERRY SPONGE

One cup lightly-stewed, sweetened, and drained gooseberries, 8oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 2oz. dripping, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 tablespoon honey or golden syrup, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon caramel coloring (made by browning sugar and adding twice its volume in water), 1 or 2 eggs.

Rub fat into sifted flour and spice. Add sugar, beaten eggs, honey, soda, dissolved in milk, and caramel. Lastly, add gooseberries. Turn into a greased basin, cover, and steam for 1 1/2 hours. Turn out and serve with a custard sauce.

LEMON SAUCE FOR PLUM PUDDING

One cup boiling water, 1 1/2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon butter, pinch of salt.

Mix cornflour and sugar. Stir in very slowly water, and cook over boiling water for 15 minutes. Beat in butter, salt, and lemon juice. A beaten egg may be added, care being taken not to curdle sauce by over-heating.

ELEVENTH-HOUR PUDDING (Or Nearly)

One cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup mixed fruit or raisins, 2 tablespoons sage, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

Mix ingredients and stand overnight. Place in basin, cover, and steam for 4 hours. Serve with a white or custard sauce, flavored with rum if this is available.



PLANNING FOR CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS can still be a red-letter day, even on a budget, but get ahead with your chores and avoid last-minute rush.

For the days before Christmas plan menus, order stores, prepare decorations, and list last-minute purchases. This year cakes, puddings and mince-meats will be less rich, and so should not be made more than a week or two before-hand.

On the night before Christmas and during its day make every possible kitchen preparation such as stuffings, salad dressing, mince pies and cookies. Prepare vegetables and dress meats.

For Christmas Day the only kitchen routine should be final oven work, salads, and table-setting.

On the day after Christmas there should not be a crumb of pudding, not a spot of sauce, not a shred of chicken that cannot be glorified in a second service dish.

Recipes on this page are for hot Christmas dinners planned on the traditional line, but with a wary eye to the budget.

A GOOSE WITH ONE LEG

One small plump leg of mutton, cut with thick end and neatly boned by butcher, 3 cups breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 2 tablespoons minced ham, 1 sheep's kidney, 2 tablespoons shredded celery, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 tablespoon good dripping, milk or stock as required, pepper and salt.

● It is time to decide on the Christmas programme. You won't be spending money on lavish displays this year, but you can hold fast to the precious traditions.

BY OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Parboil, core and mince kidney. Melt dripping and lightly fry for a few minutes kidney, ham, onion, and celery, stirring continuously. Add crumbs, herbs, onion, salt and pepper to taste, and milk or water to moisten. Fill hollow in leg with stuffing. Skewer and tie the firmly into shape. Weigh and bake in a slow oven (325 deg. F.), allowing 35 minutes to each lb. Baste with hot fat every half-hour. Serve with gravy, red currant jelly, or hot spiced cherries, roast vegetables, and greens. Tiny pork sausage cakes are an appetising accompaniment.

Note: Goose may be cooked on bone and served with baked shapes of sage and onion seasoning.

MOCK DRUMSTICKS

One dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 cup milk, 2 cups finely-minced cooked lamb, 2 tablespoons finely-chopped ham or bacon, 1 teaspoon finely-chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs (garden or dried, or may be omitted), pepper and salt, 1 egg, browned crumbs, few sticks of macaroni.

Melt butter, stir in the flour, cook

for 1 minute without browning. Stir in milk and cook until thickened. Blend with lamb, ham, onion, parsley, and herbs, and season to taste. A little of beaten egg may be added. Shape into drumsticks, inserting a piece of macaroni in leg end. Brush with egg and coat with crumbs, and deep fry a golden brown. Serve piping hot with gravy, flavored with liver or kidney, a thick bread sauce, baked or fried vegetables, and greens.

HOT LIVER SAVORY

For each portion allow 1oz. of sausage meat, 1oz. chopped parboiled liver, 1 heaped tablespoon chopped celery, 1 teaspoon (or less) curry powder, and a tiny curl of bacon, 1 tablespoon brown gravy, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, and portion of toast.

Place the sausage meat, liver, celery, and curry powder in a pan with gravy. Cook, stirring continuously, for about 7 minutes. Season to taste, pile on hot toast fingers, sprinkle with parsley, and top with crisp bacon curl. Serve piping hot, reheating if necessary under grill or in oven.

Gifts from your garden

• This year take a hydrangea from your garden and pot it to make a Christmas gift for a special friend. Or get up early on Christmas morning and cut a great armful of flowers, arrange them in an attractive box—you could find no more charming present to convey your good wishes.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

IN the eastern States of Australia, hydrangea is as indicative of Christmas as is holly in England.

And a hydrangea will remind your friend of your thoughtfulness and appreciation for many years, as it is a shrub that grows bigger and better with the passage of time—if cared

for and watered well in hot weather. Small hydrangeas, even if in flower, lift quite well and soon become re-established in a pot if the roots are thoroughly saturated with water some time before lifting and the gardener repots them carefully, shading them for some days after the operation is completed.

Red, pink, white, and blue hydrangeas are obtainable, the red, pink, and blue varieties depending for their color upon the nature of the soil in which they are grown. For instance, if the soil is acid the flowers are almost certain to be blue or some shade of mauve. If alkaline, they will be pink or red.

The shrubs should be lifted carefully with a ball of soil attached to the roots, and this can only be done when the soil is fairly moist. Make sure the pot is big enough to hold the ball of soil, and provide ample drainage material (broken crocks, cinders, or coarse gravel) at the bottom.

Pot firmly, then stand the pot in a tub of water and leave for an hour to soak. Remove and place in a shady spot in the bush-house for several days to recover, and water well each day if the weather should prove very hot and dry.

Small pines, thuyas, cypresses, junipers, kurume azaleas, daphnes, gardenias, N.S.W. Christmas bushes, and many evergreens can be lifted with equal facility at this time of the year, and all make excellent gifts.

One of the most popular Christmas shrubs is ardisia crenulata. This has a bunch of red berries at Yuletide, and for that reason is an unusual shrub in this country. It is of dwarf habit.

Crepe myrtles (lagerstroemia), when well potted or tubbed, will last for years, and are one of the gayest of all deciduous, summer-flowering shrubs. They can be obtained in white, pink, red, and two or three shades of purple and lavender. Orchids are rapidly gaining favor as pot plants, the lovely cymbidiums,

which rarely flower at Christmas, being most popular. Any good nurseryman will advise the novice which varieties flower during the festive season.

The gardener who is anxious to provide a flower-loving friend with something beautiful from his garden

could pot up some dwarf begonia, lobelia, mesembryanthemums, or even a collection of small cacti from the rockery.

Some of the flowering cacti, such as mammillarias, will last a lifetime with care.

A box of cut flowers makes a delightful gift, or a collection of buds for spring flowering. A garden basket complete with small tools is another gift which would be greatly appreciated this year.



A CHRISTMAS GIFT that will carry your good wishes for many years. Pale blue hydrangea looks charming in an earth-red pot, and tinsel ribbon and a sprig of holly add a festive note.



LOVELY PRESENT for a special friend—a colorful sheaf of flowers, fresh-picked from your garden, arranged in a pretty box and sent around early on Christmas morning.

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FOR a very limited period only we are offering absolutely FREE this book, entitled "How to Design, Cut, Alter, and Make Smarter Clothes." This wonderful book will show you how to cut and make perfect-fitting garments for any figure, how to adapt all the very latest styles to suit your own individual requirements, how to buy better materials, and cut, fit and finish your clothes just like a professional dressmaker would.

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VIROL

OWING to circumstances connected with the War it is regretted that supplies of Virol, the well-known food product, are not at present available.

Virol has proved itself so valuable an adjunct to the ordinary diet of children that it cannot fail to be greatly missed. It is, therefore, to be hoped that conditions may soon improve so as to permit of stocks being placed on the market once again.

VIROL LIMITED
Food Specialists
LONDON ENGLAND

Go slow on BOVRIL till our ship comes in

Shipping delays and difficulties are many these days so that the demand for Bovril will exceed the supply. Be sparing with what you can get. Remember that Bovril is highly concentrated, and a very little makes a big difference to nutriment and flavour.

Hints for holiday week-end

HOLIDAY week-ends are more important than ever these days. With the added strain of war work they provide a brief respite to soothe those tattered nerves, so guard your health zealously while you are "on leave."

So many of us are used to the safety of our homes and modern way of living that we forget the possible dangers in less-guarded parts, places where health inspectors never visit. A drink from a cool stream, fresh fruit from a wayside stand, a pie from a not-too-clean cafe—all have their pitfalls.

However, by taking a few simple precautions, a few days' change will work wonders in restoring your vitality. They require no deviation from the normal way of living. In fact, most of these precautions are those that you practise daily in your normal home life. Holiday time means off with responsibility and on with fun—and being sick is no fun.

The three most dangerous sources of illness are unfortunately the three most important elements in our everyday life—water, milk, and food. The danger lies in the fact that they are so common, so taken for granted, that we never stop to think of the danger. The water, milk, and foods we eat when we are away are usually not the same carefully prepared products we use in our own kitchens.

Of the three water is the most easily contaminated. At home the water that comes out of the tap has been filtered and chlorinated to ensure safety. But all water that comes out of taps is not necessarily safe, and water that comes from sources other than taps is to be suspected even more. It does not follow that all water not treated is contaminated, but one drink of bad water may cause several weeks of illness.

Too many adventurous souls get off the beaten track and make the mistake of drinking from a crystal-clear, running brook. The appearance of water is not changed by the bacteria it may carry.

Disease-producing bacteria often travel comparatively long distances in water, and even freezing will not kill them. Sucking ice, or using ice made from polluted water to cool drinks, therefore, can be a source of infection. If you are unable to obtain water that you know is safe, and you are in doubt, always be sure to boil your drinking water.

There should be one rule regarding milk—drink only pasteurised milk. Many people have been drinking non-pasteurised milk all their lives, and have suffered no ill-effects. That milk is inspected. On holiday there is no way of telling whether the milk is inspected or not. If you can't obtain pasteurised milk, heat the milk in a double saucepan for half an hour.

The only criterion for safe food is cleanliness. Food, no matter how well it is cooked, is served in a dirty environment, is not safe. A cafe that is not too particular about keeping its tables clean will not be worried about the unobserved kitchen.

Fresh fruit is refreshing on a long hike, but never pick fruit from a tree and eat it. Most orchards are sprayed with poisons to destroy insects, so wash all fruit before eating. Very few wayside stands wash their fruit. And polishing your apple with your hands won't remove the spray, the dirt, or the germs. It must be thoroughly washed.

This may sound a rather fearsome list of do's and don'ts, but it need not make you hurry to cancel your holiday. The few simple precautions to be taken don't require much effort, and will adequately protect you. So enjoy your holiday, be it ever so simple.

By
MEDICO

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not irritate skin—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

ARRID is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 5/6d. jars. At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Fawcett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind, You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weak and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes only good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet stimulating in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

YOUR HANDS

...and the simple rules for keeping them lovely

● Hands are constantly in the limelight, so it is worth your while to keep them looking soft and graceful, and be sure your nails are always perfectly manicured.

By MARY ROSE, our Beauty Expert

If you are working in a canteen or factory or tending your own vegetable plot, you must zealously guard your hands and keep them looking immaculate. They play such a prominent role, and for this reason they must be cared for so that you will feel proud of them and not seek to hide them.

Here is the nightly routine which takes very little time, but works wonders for your hands.

First wash with lukewarm water, then rinse in cold water, and dry gently. With a nourishing cream massage the hands with the same movement you would use in putting on a tight glove, and continue this motion well over the wrists. Then pull off a pair of loose gloves and sleep with them on. In the morning simply wash your hands and after your shower pat in an astringent (witch-hazel is quite a good one).

Infinite patience and repeated treatment are necessary to keep the cuticle back. Never use a metal tool to press back the cuticle for cutting makes it grow coarse and thick. Two or three times a week the cuticle should be soaked in warm olive oil and then very gently pushed back with an orange stick wrapped in cotton-wool.

The most unattractive hand is the pudgy one, but if you persevere this fault can definitely be corrected. Here is a simple exercise that will effectively slim your hands. Do it every day as often as you think of it. Tense your hands like claws, then draw in the fingers. Relax and repeat.

If your hands are inclined to be thick at the joints, and lacking in suppleness, try the elementary movements of a pianist to keep them graceful. Practise playing the piano either on the table or on the instrument itself, repeating over and over again the finger drill of the scales. Don't wear your nails too long; they look out of place these days. If your nails flake or break easily,

it is a sign that something is missing in your diet. To overcome this condition eat plenty of celery, tops and all, cucumbers with skin on, carrots, spinach, apples, oranges, and cheese.

Large veins are usually an indication of poor circulation, and the way to overcome them is to take plenty of exercise and do things that will send your blood moving quickly. Hard manual work also makes large veins. There's little to do about this except to hold your hands above your head as often as you think of it.

When you go about your household tasks take simple precautions to preserve the beauty of your hands. Wear rubber gloves when you are washing-up, and ordinary cotton ones when you are engaged in rough household work. Keep a bottle of a soothing lotion handy and rub into the hands a couple of times during the day.

Many women find their hands disfigured by an ugly redness and a good remedy for this condition is

A PAIR of graceful hands with long, tapering fingers. The trim nails are groomed immaculately, and nightly massage keeps the skin soft and fine.

an application of lemon juice followed by cold cream.

Even better than this is a lotion made from 2oz. each of lemon juice, eau-de-Cologne, and honey.

Nicotine and other stains usually respond to treatment with lemon juice, or if they are particularly stubborn use a mixture of peroxide and tomato juice.



VIVACIOUS COLUMBIA STAR Jinx Falkenburg realises the importance of attractive hands. While waiting on the set Jinx spends her spare time doing simple hand exercises.

Beauty tips for busy women

GIVE your skin and nails an evening meal, and before stepping into your bath cover neck, face, and nails with a layer of nourishing cream. Remove with a soft cloth when you emerge.

NEXT time it rains don your raincoat, but leave your umbrella at home and go out for a long walk. It's the cheapest and best of beautifiers.

THE juice of two lemons and half a teaspoon of eau-de-Cologne mixed into a jar of cold cream will make an excellent astringent cream.

OLIVE OIL or vaseline rubbed well into the lips before applying lipstick will ensure it going on more smoothly and will prevent dryness.

A SOOTHING face-pack can be made from ordinary oatmeal and milk. Make a stiff paste, spread evenly, and allow to remain for a few minutes before washing off with tepid water. An excellent pack for summer time.



After the Storm — the Rainbow

To-day the flash of lightning and the thunderbolt.

But the storm will break eventually—no one can prophesy when—and there will be peace and quietness again.

Then Feltex floor covering will add to that peace and quietness as in those days before we faced the storm.

In the meantime—

CARE FOR YOUR

FELTEX

AND SPEED VICTORY WITH YOUR MONEY
BUY AUSTERITY LOAN BONDS

For young wives and mothers

TRURY KING SYSTEM

The importance of establishing a routine

MOST of a young worried mother's problems would be solved, or really would not eventuate, if she realised that from the first days of her baby's life she must adhere strictly to a daily routine for the new little life entrusted to her care.

A daily routine in everyone's life gives a sense of guidance and security, and this is so even in the earliest days of infancy.

To wake a baby at regular intervals for feeding, bathing, exercising, etc., and to establish regular hours of

sleep is the first step in character-building and in making for a happy babyhood and motherhood.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4009WW, G.P.O. Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



Pepsodent

TOOTH PASTE

**— NOW COMES IN A NEW
freight-saving AUSTERITY
PACKING... You'll see it soon**

PEPSODENT'S "Perfect Song" Sessions

The Makers of PEPSODENT Tooth Paste have arranged a series of twice weekly broadcasts for 1943. These sessions, to be known as the "PERFECT SONG" Sessions, will feature the world's leading artists in a varied and choice repertoire of fine music. Tune in to these sessions if you enjoy good music—the following stations will participate:—

Sydney	{ 2GB/HR 2UW 2UE
Newcastle	2KO
Melbourne	{ 3AW 3KZ 3UZ
Brisbane	4BK/AK
Adelaide	5DN/RM
Perth	6PR/TZ

(All programmes commence first week in January, 1943)

The famous blue and red Pepsodent Tooth Paste Carton will shortly disappear for the duration—this change in pack has been made to comply with the request of the Government. The new pack (illustrated here) saves 50% in freight space as well as large quantities of cardboard. To match this new pack to retailers, there is a new transport case (in miniature below)—just half the size of the original transport case.

When you next buy PEPSODENT Tooth Paste and your retailer offers you a tube without a carton, you will know that this apparently simple change is making a considerable contribution to the war effort and enabling our transport system to meet demands for carriage of essential supplies.

You will notice a change in the tube too—the well-known Pepsodent white tube with its familiar grey-blue and red lettering will in future be printed only in red. This change saves many millions of printing impressions. There is of course, no change in size or quality.

Pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE
Cleans Your Teeth



TRY IT AND SEE!

He Woke Up Famous

Continued from page 3

"It's very exciting," she shrugged. "It's like the wildest fiction."

It seemed to him that the corners of her lips drew down a little as she spoke, and he peered at her unasked.

"What's the matter, Lynn?" he asked.

"I don't know what you mean."

"The way you act. Don't you like it?" he asked bluntly.

Her grey eyes retreated. "I'm very fond of you."

"Is it as bad as that?" he asked.

"What's the matter with you?"

"There's nothing the matter with me," she said. "If anything's the matter, it's with me, I guess."

"Looked at him directly. 'I'm pretty narrow-minded about some things. If ever find out, for instance, that a woman's a fake—'

"Are you busy, Mr. Webster?" Mrs. Beebe's golden soprano preceded her through the door. "Because the awarded men are here, and I promised to let them have just a few minutes of your time."

He nodded resignedly. "The bed of a hero, he was beginning to discover, was not all roses. Hour after hour to-day he had to face a dizzy succession of cameramen with floodlights, radio men with microphones, lady interviewers with purple ink polish. It was not until the end of the day that he had another chance to talk to Lynn alone."

She entered his room quickly and but the door behind her. He saw a glance that something had happened; her smile was gone, and there was a look of dull disappointment in her eyes.

"Bill," he waited.

"The tanker just landed at Miami," she said quietly. "They announced it on the radio."

He stared at her, stunned. "But I thought—I mean, it was supposed to be—"

"They managed to patch up the wire, and they limped into port an hour ago. The whole crew is safe, nobody missing," the radio said. Her eyes were level. "So I was right, wasn't I? The hunch I had?"

"You were right," he said slowly. "I never saw that tanker in my life. I was sailing all alone in my little sloop, and it upset, and I had a swim ashore. The whole story was a fake."

She nodded. "I hate a fake, Bill. I hate a fake worse than anything else in the world."

The door was flung open. "Oh, we got the most wonderful sur-

prise for you," Mrs. Beebe thrilled. "You'll never guess."

Bill braced himself. "I've just been talking to the captain."

"What captain?"

"The captain of your tanker, silly," Mrs. Beebe laughed. "He called me on the telephone just now, and he was so excited he could hardly talk. He couldn't believe it."

"What?"

"When is he coming?" he asked hallowly.

"He's on his way. He just had to stop and pick up some Navy authorities. He said would like to meet you, too. Isn't it exciting?" She paused, her hand on the knob. "He says he can't wait to see you."

Lynn waited until Mrs. Beebe had left the room. She slammed the door and braced herself against it. Her face was white. "You've got to get out of here—"

He was looking at her curiously. "They'll be here any minute," she urged breathlessly. "You've got to hurry."

He did not move. "Why do you want me to go?"

"D

ON'T you understand? They'll make all sorts of trouble for you if they catch you."

He grinned. "I thought you said you hated a fake."

"I do—that is—of course I do."

"Then why are you so afraid something will happen to me?"

"There isn't any time to talk now," she said, grabbing a dressing gown from the closet and dressing it at him. "Put this on. It's Mr. Beebe's, too."

"It's because you love me, isn't it?"

"There's a trellis outside the window, you can climb down." She shoved him across the room. "You can get through the garden without anybody seeing you."

He paused, one leg over the sill. "Isn't it because you love me?"

"Oh, please, please hurry! There was a distant crunch of tyres on gravel. "They're here now!"

"Not till you tell me," he insisted, standing on the trellis.

"Please, Bill," she pleaded, "there isn't time—"

He started to put his arms around her, and as he did so there was a slow splintering sound beneath him.

His expression froze. His arms began to slide away from her again, his face retreated, and with majestic slowness he moved backward and outward into space. There was a moment of horrid silence, then a distant thud and the faint tinkle of glass. People were shouting, and she heard hunting footsteps below. With a choked cry, she bolted down the stairway and out into the garden.

They were gathered about him in an excited group when she arrived. At least, she saw at a glance, he was not hurt; he lay on his back in a freshly-spaded bed of petunias. Mrs. Beebe knelt beside him, holding a bottle of brandy.

Lynn turned to a man in uniform, evidently the captain, who was jabbering volubly in Greek. She appealed to him. "You've got to understand. He wasn't trying to take any credit for anything. He just happened to be sailing his little boat."

"That's him!" the captain shouted. "As soon as I see the papers, I say, 'That's him! That's the man who is sailing the little boat. That is our hero!'"

"Hero?" Lynn faltered.

"The hero who rescue our life," said the captain, gesturing eagerly. "We are lying there helpless, we are hit, we cannot move, the sub is going to let us have it again. I see the periscope sticking out of the water. It is good-bye!" He blew a kiss. "And then I see the little boat, he is heading right for it. He has no thought of danger. He risk his life for us. I hold my breath."

He held his breath for a moment, and let it out again to continue: "He smack the periscope—he drops his fist into his palm—'like that! We are saved!'" He burst into tears.

Lynn felt herself swaying. Mrs. Beebe peered at her sharply.

"Miss Horner," she suggested, "perhaps you'd better try a little of this brandy."

(Copyright)



TO COOK ECONOMICALLY and with comfort on these hot days, try slow roasting in a covered dish, says Miss Precious Minutes. REO star Lucille Ball finds that this method keeps the oven clean and makes the meal moist and tender.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

KEEP your cut-glass out of the refrigerator; it's likely to crack with the cold.

SET up the ironing-board at the same time as the sewing-machine. Press as you go in a golden sewing role.

THOSE tealeaves and vegetable scrapings should form a loam at the end of the back garden; they are too valuable now for garbage bins.

DO you find last-minute chopping of parsley too time-taking? Try dipping a pile of sprigs in deep frying fat for a few seconds. Drain, powder, and bottle for use.

A STITCH in time is a coupon-saver. As soon as signs of wear appear, reinforce toes and heels of stockings, underneath the arms of frocks, the end of shoulder- straps. Don't wait for the hole or tear to come.

It's girls like you the W.A.A.A.F. wants



WOMEN'S AUXILIARY AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE

Many women working at normal peace-time jobs now feel that they should be doing something to serve their country. Yet they have done nothing about it because they did not know that their own particular talents could be used in war work. The various branches of the W.A.A.A.F. present opportunities which no woman who is eligible and not engaged in essential war services, should overlook.

The list below describes only a few of these openings. Remember, this is a woman's war, too. Ask yourself "Is the job I am now doing essential to the war effort?" If not, take stock of yourself. No matter what your normal occupation is, You'll Be Doing A Better Job With The W.A.A.A.F.

SOME BRANCHES OF THE W.A.A.A.F.

CLERK (General): With office experience. Typists, stenographers and pay and stores clerks. Others for training in radio telephony duties; also office orderlies.



CLERK (Signals Clerks and Cypher Assistants) for highly important communications duties. Good knowledge of English and

preferably with office experience. Training given.

TELEGRAPHISTS (Trainees). Girls between 18 and 28 years of age who are mentally alert and quick to grasp essentials. Knowledge of Morse Code not necessary on joining. Complete training in wireless telegraphy and procedure given by the R.A.A.F.



COOK: Preferably with practical experience in catering for large numbers. Also girls with aptitude for specialist training as cooks for duty at R.A.A.F. and W.A.A.A.F. Depots.

Other skilled and unskilled branches offer vacancies from time to time in nearly 30 different categories.



Why you should join the W.A.A.A.F.

because Australia urgently needs women of your ability to help.

because the W.A.A.A.F. presents an opportunity to get out of the rut of peace-time life to do a worth-while war job.

because you will lead a better, healthier and more interesting life in the W.A.A.A.F.

APPLY TO-DAY, personally or by letter, to the

R.A.A.F. RECRUITING CENTRE IN YOUR TOWN OR TO THE R.A.A.F. COMMITTEE.

JOIN THE W.A.A.A.F. AND DO A JOB YOU'LL BE PROUD TO DO



GIVE YOUR COMPLEXION A Veil of Loveliness

As you put on "Three Flowers," you see this lighter, smoother, finer-textured face powder melting into your own complexion, concealing any blemishes, giving the radiant charm of youth. . . . At Chemists and Stores everywhere in five shades to suit all types.

three flowers
FACE POWDER AND CREAMS

RICHARD HUBBUT, LONDON, NEW YORK, SYDNEY

Arnott's on service

Dear Sirs:

My grocer cannot supply some of my favourite biscuits. Have you stopped making them?

Dear Madam:

Our factories are working at full capacity. Arnott's Biscuits are "On Service" on every Australian battle front. We have removed many lines from our lists to enable us to fulfil war orders, and we look forward to that happy day when supplies will once again be ample.

Grocers everywhere are assisting us to distribute fairly our available supplies and avoid disappointment to our many friends.



PLEASE RETURN ALL
EMPTY TINS TO
YOUR GROCER AS
SOON AS POSSIBLE.

BUY AUSTERITY LOAN BONDS